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## Purging the Socialists

THE Big Four of British trade unionism—Mr. Deakin, Sir William Lawther, Mr. Tom Williamson and Sir Vincent Tewson—have plenty of experience in managing the T.U.C. Once again this year, on the Isle of Man, they are skilfully manipulating the business of Congress so as to get their way on the central issue which troubles the Labour Movement. That issue—the relationship between the Labour Party and the unions, or, to put it in abstract terms, between Socialism and trade unionism—was dramatised by Sir Lincoln Evans, when he resigned from the secretaryship of the Steel Workers to become a full-time member of the denationalisation Board. Should the unions follow his personal example in their attitude to the employers and to nationalisation? Endorsement by Congress of the General Council's policy of finding good technical reasons for putting public ownership into cold storage was not merely a victory for the Big Four; it went dangerously far towards repudiating the Socialist pledges of the whole Labour Party at last year's Conference.

The Big Four know, of course, that if they appeared guilty of creating an open fissure in the Labour Movement, they would be repudiated by their own members. Instead, therefore, they are seeking to carry the Labour Party with them in their retreat from Socialism. In so doing they are applying old, well-tried devices of trade union demagogy and power politics. First, they denounce anyone who advocates further extensions of public ownership as an intellectual, a Left-wing wrecker or a fellow-traveller, with no roots in the British Labour Movement. Next, they have set about the job of purging Labour's National Executive.

There are 26 elected members of this Executive. The effect of the block vote is that 19 places are virtually at the disposal of the Big Four, while 7 members are elected by the rank-and-file. Mr. Deakin and his colleagues have decided that anyone with even a trace of independence must be removed from these 19 seats.

Until Mrs. Eirene White made her dignified protest, this purge had been proceeding with scarcely a hitch. True, their decision to throw Mr. Greenwood out of the Party Treasurership and replace him by Mr. Morrison had been hotly opposed. The purge, however, of the trade union section of Labour's Executive is now complete. Since a General Secretary of a union usually prefers to sit on the General Council of the T.U.C., the 12 trade unionists on the Party Executive are, for the most part, secondary figures, who merely hold a watching brief for their bosses outside. This year, however, one of them, Mark Hewitson, of the Municipal and General Workers, despite the views of Tom Williamson, his General Secretary, supported the public ownership of the chemical industry. As a result, he has lost his Union's nomination, and his place will be filled by someone more loyal. The second victim of the purge was Mr. Joseph Reeves, who for some years has held the place reserved for Affiliated Societies, which means in practice nomination by the Woolwich Co-op. It is said that Mr. Reeves's crime was to demand a Socialist foreign policy.

So far so good. Provided that the Greenwood affair can be managed, the Big Four were sure that 14 out of the 26 elected members would cause them no trouble after this year's ballot at Margate. That left the 7 members elected by the Constituency Parties, and the 5 places reserved for women. Over the seven Constituency representatives—all of whom, with the exception of Mr. Griffiths, are Bevanites—the Big Four, to their chagrin, can exercise little control. But the five women are elected by the whole Conference, and that means, in fact, by the block vote. Three years ago Mrs. Castle earned the displeasure of Mr. Deakin and withdrew—only to re-appear on the Constituency list. That left, apart from such loyalists as Miss Bacon, only Mrs. Eirene White. The Big Four decided to get rid of her. Her crime, like that of Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Hewitson and Mr. Reeves, was not to listen to her master's voice.

When Mrs. White's protest was reported

to Sir William Lawther and Mr. Deakin, their comments were in character. "Who is she anyway?" asked Sir William: "She was only fortunate in having a University professor for a father instead of a miner." Mr. Deakin was terser. "I am not interested," he remarked, "in what Mrs. White says or does." As so often, Sir William and Mr. Deakin have bluffly stated the truth which their wilier colleagues are careful to conceal. The Big Four are not interested in what any Socialist says or does. They merely demand that the rest of Labour's National Executive should be as obedient as the trade union section.

We are not here concerned with the merits of the policy of "consolidation," as propounded either by Mr. Morrison or by Sir Lincoln. In a healthy Labour Party, there will always be a Right wing, which prides itself on its cautious, empirical approach; and it is natural that the bosses of the huge, all-purpose unions should see eye to eye with these Right-wing politicians in desiring to curb the exuberance of the Left. What the purge of the National Executive reveals, however, is a determination by the Big Four of British trade unionism to nominate the leadership and exert an absolute veto on the policies of the Labour Party. We do not always agree with Mr. Shinwell, but on this occasion he was surely right. "It is time," he said, "the leadership in the Party put an end to this sort of nonsense. . . . Otherwise they have no claim to be regarded as leaders."

### Moves in Indo-China

The war in Indo-China, which costs France £450 million pounds a year and a third of her Defence budget, is being edged into the proposed Conference on Korea. America not only foots the bill in France, but 200,000 Vietnamese, Cambodian and Laos soldiers are now equipped largely with American arms. To the Pentagon, Indo-China is a vital outpost, while the Foreign Ministers of the Associated States and of France are treated like rather low-ranking officials of the State Department. If the Korean Conference produces an atmosphere conducive to a settlement of the Indo-Chinese war, then Mr. Dulles says there is no reason why it should not be discussed. The Conference membership would be different; South Koreans would be replaced by delegates from Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos. And President Ho Chi Minh? Mr. Dulles sees as little need for his presence as he does for a representative of the Chinese Peoples' Republic in the U.N. But the Soviet newspaper *Pravda*, breaking a long silence on the subject, has now advocated direct negotiations between Ho Chi Minh and the French, rightly describing this as the only way to end this disastrous war. The French know this, too, but the American Treasury still pays M. Bidault's piping. What will happen when the French National Assembly debates Indo-China on October 22 is another question. Before then, Bidault may concoct yet another bogus version of "independence." Bao Dai and his Prime Minister, however, are still evasive negotiators. Further, there are internal complications; the fanatical Caodists and influential Catholic leaders have just issued an anti-imperialist, anti-French manifesto which is bound to weaken Bao Dai's hands.

### Tito on Trieste

Marshal Tito has apparently decided that strong words are the appropriate reply to the melodramatic Italian troop movements round Trieste. He proposed last week that the city should remain a free port and that all the hinterland—Zone A, as well as Zone B—should be incorporated in Yugoslavia. This, of course, is a demand that no Italian Government could even consider, and presumably it was only made to show that the Yugoslavs cannot be frightened by Italian bluff. In reality, Marshal Tito, for whom the future of Trieste is mainly an economic and strategic problem, can afford to consider any compromise solution that assures his country the use of the port in war as well as peace. To the Italians, on the other hand, Trieste is primarily a symbol of national prestige. Economically it is not essential to them: indeed, the end of the Anglo-American control of the Free City, with its lavish dollar aid, would at once create mass unemployment. But these economic considerations count for nothing amongst politicians in Rome who still dream of an advance into Dalmatia, and who can legitimately remind the State Department and the Foreign Office of the solemn and utterly irresponsible promises which were made to help Signor de Gasperi win the 1948 election. Trieste, in fact, is a grievance which Italian politicians would have to invent if it did not exist. And that is not the kind of issue susceptible to solution by rational compromise.

### The Cost of Coal

Mr. E. F. Schumacher, the National Coal Board's economic adviser, drew a contrast, in his speech to the Board's Summer School at Oxford, between the problems facing the highly profitable and the highly unprofitable pits. At present, just over half the deep-mined output of coal is being produced at a profit, ranging from less than one penny to more than £1 a ton. At the other extreme, one-sixth of the total is being mined at a loss of over 10s. a ton. The overall average profit, before meeting interest charges, was about 6d. a ton in 1952. The right policy, Mr. Schumacher said, is to increase the output at the more profitable collieries, even at the cost of reducing the profit per ton, and at the same time to reduce costs at the more unprofitable collieries, even if this means reducing the output. This is good economic sense, for it would obviously increase the Board's gross profit. It would, of course, also involve transferring workers from the less to the more profitable pits—and that is where the real difficulty comes in, not only because of a natural reluctance to move, but also because working conditions are so different in new and old pits that the older men often cannot adapt themselves to the change. It is the right long-term policy; but it cannot be very speedily applied. Mr. Schumacher, answering allegations that the bad financial position of the coal industry is due to heavy managerial and administrative overheads, pointed out that all salaries of more than £750 a year account for only 8½d. out of a total cost per ton of 56s. 9d. This, of course, does not prove that salary overheads are not too high; but it does effectively dispose of the charge that they are largely responsible for inflated costs. The root of the trouble is that the total output required cannot be got without keeping a great many out-of-date pits at work. The need for speeding-up the new "projects" in the N.C.B.'s long-term Plan is imperative.

## PARIS

### "Juin" and "Popular Front" Motifs

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* "The Government," to quote a *Figaro* headline this week, "has given itself four weeks in which to put the economic, social and budgetary sectors in order." The public has heard this before; and it does not believe in miracles, least of all from so heterogeneous a Government as that of M. Laniel.

Among the measures so far taken is the reduction of certain taxes affecting food prices, and appeals and warnings to the makers and dealers in manufactured goods to cut their prices. It is suspected that the chief reason for this bid to secure a temporary drop in the cost of living is the decision the Government found itself obliged to take, as a result of the August strikes, to call a meeting of the High Commission for Collective Bargaining, which may well insist on the minimum wage—if not the general wage-level—being raised, unless there is a marked drop in the cost of living. The Government has also promised to examine the case of "abnormally low wages." But all these measures are simply designed to keep the working class quiet—if only for a while; and one story widely current is that M. Edgar Faure, the Minister of Finance, is so disgruntled with his colleagues that he is waiting for the first convenient opportunity of getting out. For one thing, the "heroic" policy of M. Bidault in North Africa (which has already led to the resignation of M. Faure's closest political associate in the Cabinet, M. Mitterrand) and the reluctance of M. Pleven to allow war expenditure to be cut, have done a good deal to "brown him off."

What impressed all close observers of the strikes is (*a*) the tremendous solidarity displayed by the rank and file; (*b*) the skill and discretion with which the Communist C.G.T. at no point allowed the strike to become *political*, but, on the contrary, always stressed the need for unity of *trade union* action; (*c*) the almost general sympathy felt by the general public for the strikers, or rather its tendency to excuse the strikers for the infernal inconvenience caused, and to blame the Government—and the "system."

In the end, it was the Socialist Force Ouvrière and the Catholic C.F.T.C. who called off the strike, and the Communist C.G.T. followed suit, in the name of "unity." They declared that the F.O. and C.F.T.C. leaders had given way (just when the Government had got into a panic), in response to desperate appeals by certain leaders of the M.R.P. It will take a long time for the M.R.P. as a "working-class party" to live down these pressures on the C.F.T.C. On the other hand, the C.G.T. has gained in prestige among the rank and file; and the "unity" displayed during the strike has revived talk of a Popular Front.

A further factor in this trend is the suspicion that what is happening in North Africa is merely a small rehearsal of certain "Strong Man" plans in France. A growing part of the press has been talking of Marshal Juin as the "man of destiny"—not in North Africa only. That is why considerable importance is attached to the election of President Auriol's successor at the end of the year. M. Pinay, who is a likely candidate, is considered to be very much "Juin's man."

How dangerous Juin is considered to be by many may be seen from the resignation of

M. Mitterrand. He had reluctantly swallowed the *coup* against the Sultan of Morocco; but when he found that the new Resident General in Tunisia was M. Voizard, *another* nominee of Juin's, and therefore most unlikely to pursue anything even remotely resembling a liberal policy, it was the last straw. And as, on the Left, and even among what might be called liberal opinion, the fear of "Dictatorship" grows, so the fear of "Communism," and especially of French Communists ("people not so different from us") steadily decreases. Hence the growing "Popular Front" moods.

## LIVERPOOL

### Scientific Babel

*A Correspondent writes:* Among the scientists visiting Liverpool for the British Association's annual meeting there was a notable lack of the famous names of the middle generation. The few who did come to speak did so and departed; they gave but did not share. There are many reasons for this. We are in the age of innumerable international science congresses which make exacting demands upon the front-rank specialists. There, and in their learned societies, they can meet and discuss the latest developments with their colleagues in that intellectual in-breeding process which is modern science. And they will tell you that the British Association does not always provide the alternative—that cross-fertilisation of the branches of science.

In that, they are stating the present quandary of the British Association. It can no longer provide the platform for original pronouncements; science today is much too competitive, and a discoverer jealous of his priorities cannot wait a year, when the proceedings of his learned society or the columns of *Nature* can serve his purpose. Yet the B.A. is organised in sections which are microcosmic learned societies, and which tend to speak in the private jargon of their speciality.

The B.A., however, has other functions, apart from giving specialists a chance of hearing their subject "recapped." Its real opportunity is to explain science intelligibly and authoritatively to the public, and to show, above all, what the meaning of particular discoveries is in terms of every-day life.

The British Association has had in the past two years a blood-transfusion in the form of young, indeed adolescent, members. It still commands a good deal of space in the press and on the radio, which gives it an audience far beyond the platforms of its sectional meetings. But when it speaks it ought to be articulate and coherent. Of course, the public which the B.A. set out, in 1831, to interest in science wants the wonders of the universe and the marvels of the deep. It wants the frivolities which make the scientist human and life-sized. But it also wants a clear idea of the trends of science.

That requires a theme, for which the Presidential Address sets the keynote (like Sir Henry Dale's "Swords into Ploughshares") and which is picked up in the various sections. There should be more joint discussions between the sections, so that each has to spell out its definitions and discover the common ground. There is no particular merit in having sixty papers a day, or 1½ million words in the course of a week, if they are not heard, read nor understood. But the idea of a theme is resisted by those who think of the B.A. as a mobile version of the Royal Society and the 14 sections as crated models of the learned societies. They claim that to suggest a theme is interfering with the autonomy of the sections. That is not true; but even if it were, the diffusion, overlapping and unscientific wastefulness of the Liverpool meetings should compel the remedy. After all, one of the papers was on efficient methods of curing "smog"!

## DUBLIN

### Galway and Irish Labour

*A Correspondent writes:* The loss of South Galway would, Mr. De Valera said, be a very serious setback. None of his opponents doubted that it would mean a General Election. The success of his candidate in the by-election has left the Prime Minister "well-satisfied," and it may well be that his own spirited campaigning had not a little to do with the result. De Valera has proved that he has lost none of his vigour, and that stories of his imminent retirement from active politics are without foundation.

Yet, although he appears to be set upon postponing a General Election until 1956, it is not easy to see how he can do so. The Galway result leaves him with 69 members in a House of 147; with the five Independents who have consistently supported him, he has a bare majority. Moreover, he cannot argue from the by-election figures that the Government's growing unpopularity has been altogether arrested: the Fianna Fail lead in a strongly-held constituency has been substantially reduced. Once again, the biggest Opposition party, Fine Gael, has gained supporters—at the expense both of the Government and of the smaller Opposition parties, particularly Mr. MacBride's Clann na Pobleachta. It is now fairly clear that the current trend in the Republic is not in favour of the small battalions.

Where stands the Labour Party? In a rural area, like South Galway, it would have been futile for a Labour candidate to fight. Since the 1951 election it has lost one seat to Fine Gael. It might indeed have been expected that Labour would benefit from the increasing pre-occupation with economic issues which has been evident in the Republic for the last few years. Unfortunately, the party has been singularly inept in exploiting its opportunities. In the present Dail, its leaders have been listless; and little has been heard in Parliament or country from its leader, Mr. Norton, or from Mr. Larkin. If Labour is to play the part it should, it will have to find a fighting policy and jettison its present one of cautious time-serving.

Until recently, the real issues dividing parties have been basically constitutional; and the Labour Party has been forced virtually to sit on the fence. Labour has not been strong enough to play the part of Third Force. At one time, its votes maintained Mr. De Valera in office, but he soon was strong enough to disburden himself of a distasteful ally (he is, indeed, a hearty hater of the idea of coalition). In 1948, Labour supported Mr. Costello's heterogeneous inter-party Government; but it never appeared likely that Mr. Costello would be compelled by Labour to undertake progressive social legislation—the sole exception being the ill-fated Health Bill, which finally broke up the Coalition.

Labour's problem is also how far it dare take a stand against clerical reaction and put forward progressive policies. If it tries to move too close to the British Labour idea of the Welfare State, it may emerge weakened from a struggle with the Church, and also find itself excluded from another essay in inter-party government. The wary argue that power shared is better than none at all, and that Labour's task must be to do what it can within the framework of coalition. But can Labour have it both ways? Can it present a militant, progressive programme and at the same time expect to join a coalition?

## DOUGLAS

### Trial Tilt Before Margate

*Our Correspondent at Douglas writes:* On Monday and Tuesday, the T.U.C. was as calm and sunny as the weather outside the Villa Marina. The delegates laughed politely at the wise-cracks from the Chair: this year's President, Tom O'Brien of the Theatrical Employees, said Sam Watson "was a worthy representative of the professions organised in his union." They yawned through a long address from the spokesman of the American Federation of Labour, whose tedious anti-Communist oratory seemed to bore them beyond protest, even when he declared that he awaited the day when "the liberated Russian peoples . . . have thrown off the yoke of Communist slavery. . . . Meanwhile we cannot make a single concession." And then, getting into their stride, the delegates settled down to discuss, for example, wage councils, night baking, day nurseries, the cost of living, and industrial health—routine yet vital business that seldom provides headlines.

Even the early attempt by the Fire Brigades' Union to unseat Sir Lincoln Evans guttered wanly in the sunshine of this Indian Summer. The F.B.U. invoked the clause in the Standing Orders of Congress—as introduced in the '90s to exclude professional Socialist "agitators" like Tom Mann from the T.U.C.—which provides that delegates must either be full-time officials or "working at their trade." The General Council ruled that Sir Lincoln was an official of his Union "at the time of his appointment" as a delegate, and he survived to make his farewell appearance before Congress. The threatened storm over the appointment of Sir Lincoln and some of his colleagues to denationalising Boards was thus postponed until mid-week.

On Wednesday morning, however, the clouds began to roll in from the sea. For half an hour the lightning flickered while Congress debated the General Council's censure on Ted Hill of the Boilermakers for his opposition to the British Productivity Council. Acrimony then aroused was doused by a card vote and lunch.

The outcome of the debate on the public ownership report was, of course, determined in advance, and none of the speeches could seriously affect the voting. The delegations came to Douglas mandated, or else took a majority vote of their delegates, before Congress opened. Some of these votes were close, and a small shift within key unions might have left the General Council without sufficient backing to carry the day. Some delegations, moreover, who had voted for the far-reaching resolution passed at the last Congress, found it impossible to vote against an "interim" report, which, despite the fact that its only positive proposal was water nationalisation, was within the formal framework, if not the broad intention, of last year's motion. Others, notably the Engineers, Railwaymen, and Distributive Workers, were not convinced by such technical arguments. By accepting the Report, they felt, Congress was retreating under pressure from the firm stand it took at Margate last year.

Both groups naturally had their eyes as much on the coming Labour Party Conference as on the matters before them here—as the warm reception to Arthur Greenwood showed—and the public ownership debate was a trial tilt before the bigger and more ruthless tournament at Margate. There seems to be little doubt here that it will be ruthless. The Big Three—Deakin, Williamson, and Lawther—have had a fairly easy ride here so far, and are making it quite clear that they want victories to strengthen their hand when they "have it out" at Margate.

# Ein Volk, Ein Reich . . .

THE scene is the Market Square at Bonn outside the *Rathaus* on the night of September 7, 1953. Enter a torchlight procession, with wildly applauding German citizenry. On to the balcony steps the man who has won the clear Parliamentary majority which eluded Hitler even after the *Reichstag* fire. Konrad Adenauer leads the singing of the third verse of *Deutschland Ueber Alles.*

> Unity and right and freedom,
> These our fortunes guarantee,
> In the splendour of this fortune
> Blooms our German Fatherland

Then he sums up the significance of his victory: "Instead of reunification, let us rather talk about liberation, liberation of our brethren in slavery in the East. That is our aim, and that we shall achieve—but only with outside help."

It is a measure of the blindness of Western statesmen that these remarkable words and the election victory which they celebrated have been received as a resounding success for Western democracy. If the bells are not actually ringing in Washington and London, at least Mr. Dulles is rubbing his hands at the successful outcome of his intervention, and Mr. Churchill has been roused to send a warm telegram of congratulation to the German leader who has solemnly pledged himself to liberate the "lost provinces" by a policy of strength.

"But Dr. Adenauer is a genuine European and a sincere defender of Christian values. Can we not trust him to restrain the excesses of German chauvinism and to ensure that the new German Army and the new German industrial machine will remain in the service of the West? After all, we can no longer rely on France, and Italy has voted wrong. We must have some strength in Western Europe. Instead of carping about Dr. Adenauer, we should be thankful for him." This, I fancy, is the justification which Mr. Churchill would give for his tacit, and Mr. Dulles for his open, support of Dr. Adenauer's successful electoral efforts to prevent the German Social-Democrats from sharing responsibility at Bonn. "Victors cannot be choosers," I shall be told. "At least the neo-Nazis and the Communists have been trounced at the polls, and Adenauer as Chancellor will no longer be encumbered with coalition partners still further to the Right."

I do not deny that there is something in these arguments. Nevertheless, I cannot escape the conclusion that, so far from moderating German national ambitions, this election result will rapidly increase them, and commit Britain, as well as America, to intransigent policies in Europe not dissimilar from those whose disastrous results we are now witnessing in South Korea. If Syngman Rhee proved difficult when it came to peace-making, just wait and see the terms that Dr. Adenauer, from his immensely stronger bargaining position, will now extort from his allies!

But before we try to guess the future, it is just as well to survey the present situation created by this remarkable election. It was clear from the first day of the campaign that Adenauer—supported by the Hierarchy, the Americans and the vast funds of German big business, and exploiting unashamedly and unscrupulously German fear and hatred of Communism—was bound to win. But if there has been a landslide, the land has not slid in quite the way that was expected. True, the Christian Democrats' share of the poll has risen from 31 per cent. to 45 per cent., and given them an absolute majority in the *Bundestag* over all other parties. But this success has been achieved not at the expense of the Socialists, as was hoped, but of all the small Right-wing parties, whose losses almost exactly correspond with the Christian Democrats' gains. In the landslide, the solid rock of Social Democracy has stood almost unimpaired. With the gap left by Schumacher's death and the very obvious weaknesses and vacillations of his successors, the Socialist vote is a remarkable expression of the loyalty and tenacity of the rank and file. They have kept their heads, while all about them—and some above them—were losing theirs.

Where, then, did Dr. Adenauer gain his new support? First, from the politically unaffiliated and impoverished middle class, ruthlessly treated by Dr. Ehrhardt's free economy, but still too proud and resentful to vote for a working-class party; then from those refugees who want to see, not negotiations with Russians, but American tanks on the move. And, finally, of course, there were the ex-Nazis. Too many foreign observers have assumed that most Nazis were Nazis by conviction, and so jumped to the conclusion that the failure of the neo-Nazis in this election provides some evidence for a German change of heart. This is a crass delusion. The sentiments out of which Hitlerism grew were an obsequious respect for power and success, combined with resentment at personal losses and greed for personal gain. In the golden years of the Weimar Republic, from 1926 to 1929—when Germany could boast of an economic revival just as miraculous, and just as unstable, as Dr. Ehrhardt's—National Socialism was an addiction of a few cranks and fanatics. The salesmen, minor officials, shopkeepers and academics, who a few years later were to break up Jewish shops and shout for Danzig, were perfectly content during the boom to vote for respectable National parties and accept their share of capitalist prosperity. It was only when the boom collapsed that they began to worry about the *Versailler Diktat.*

I fear that the same is true today. The only Germans who can be trusted to support German democracy and friendship with the West, *in bad times as well as in good,* are the 28 per cent. who sturdily voted Social-Democrat last Sunday, despite the warnings of Mr. Dulles, despite the C.D.U.'s vicious campaign of smears and forgeries, and despite the defects of their leaders. Dr. Adenauer's huge majority is, for the most part, composed of those millions of Germans who vote for whatever is powerful and successful at the moment, and who will turn on the Christian Chancellor, if times change, as hysterically as they turned on Bruening twenty years ago.

Dr. Adenauer's strength as a German political leader is his ability to blinker himself in his own propaganda. But he has colleagues in the C.D.U. and advisers in the Hierarchy who must realise that the overwhelming victory he has won exposes German democracy to the gravest dangers. What the situation demanded was a coalition between the C.D.U. and the S.P.D., which could moderate the greedy injustice of Dr. Ehrhardt's free economy and simultaneously prepare the way for an honest attempt to achieve German unification by long, exasperating, arduous negotiations with the Russians. Instead, Dr. Adenauer has achieved a victory so overwhelming that the new Cabinet will be unable to resist the demands either of Big Business or of those who believe that a policy of uncompromising strength will somehow or other roll the Red Army back to its frontiers. With Adenauer still in autocratic control of Bonn, capitalism in Western Germany will continue its reckless march towards boom and bust, and nationalism assume ever more arrogant forms, as the power of the Federal Republic and its influence in Washington increase from month to month.

And here we come to the most puzzling factor in the situation. It is easy to see why Mr. Dulles and the Pentagon could overlook the dangers of an overwhelming victory for the German Right and intervene actively to achieve it. After all, they are avowed apostles of "liberation." But what about Mr. Churchill and the Foreign Office, whose adherence to Dr. Adenauer's cause has been just as blinkered, if more discreet? What sense can we make of a British peace initiative based on recognition of Russia's legitimate demands for security against aggression in Eastern Europe, when it is combined with support for Dr. Adenauer's unrelenting determination to integrate Western Germany into the Atlantic defence system as a first step towards liberating Breslau and Koenigsberg? What have we to gain by overriding the objections of the luckless French and committing ourselves to an ally in Europe just as rigidly aggressive as Syngman Rhee and infinitely more dangerous? The personal triumph of Dr. Adenauer means that, as long as he lives, he can make demands on Washington and London without fear of refusal. And after him?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# Universities and Their Problems

BEFORE the war all the British Universities had a combined full-time student population of about 50,000. Now, after a fall from the post-war peak, they have about 83,000. In Great Britain, only about 3 per cent (in Scotland 4 per cent) of the relevant age group of young people of both sexes goes through a University career of as much as three years—that is, long enough to get a first degree—whereas in the United States the corresponding percentage is 10, not counting part-time students. At the most, Great Britain's provision is much less than half that of the United States, in relation to population, even if the American Two-Year Colleges are left out of the account.

Yet the University Grants Committee and the Universities in this country seem to agree that no considerable further expansion of University education in this country is at all likely for some time to come. The great advance made since 1939 has come to a dead stop, and cannot be quickly

resumed. But the question remains, do we want to resume it as soon as we can, or are we satisfied that enough young people are now getting education at University or college level?

A good many people, including a high proportion in the Universities, are inclined to answer this question in terms of the prospect of jobs regarded as suitable for University graduates. The proportion of scientists in the Universities is being deliberately raised because it is believed that there will be plenty of jobs for them—and indeed that it will be impossible to find science teachers for the schools without a considerable addition to the supply. "Arts," on the other hand, are being played down on the ground that there may not be enough suitable jobs to go round.

Now it is perfectly legitimate to take steps to increase the supply of graduates in fields in which a shortage of qualified persons exists, or is expected. It is part of the Universities' task, as far as they are responsible for professional education, to meet the demand. But it does not follow that it is their business to limit themselves to educating the numbers for whom posts open only to qualified graduates are expected to be available. To do this is to perpetuate the class-structure of the system of higher education. The reason why a great new influx into the Universities would mean a lowering of standards is not that all the fairly clever young people are already getting to the Universities, but that not nearly enough of them are staying at school long enough to get a proper preparation for a University.

Meanwhile, the Universities have to carry on as best they can. What are they actually doing? Out of every hundred full-time students attending them in 1951-2, twenty were studying medicine or dentistry, another twenty pure science, fifteen technology or agriculture, one veterinary science, and forty-three "Arts." This last is a most uninformative umbrella classification; for it includes not only philosophy and psychology, history and law, theology and literature and languages, but also economics, statistics, anthropology, and the entire range of the social studies. There has been, since 1945, a considerable increase in the numbers taking social studies, of one kind or another, and part of this increase has gone into such specialised studies as social anthropology (mainly for the colonial services) and public administration.

"Arts" courses are, it goes without saying, in these days no less vocational than others, if "vocational" means simply leading up towards a qualification for a job. There is practically no "idle rich" class in these days, though there are numerous women students who marry and move quickly out of paid employment, or even do not enter it at all. "Arts" graduates go largely into teaching, into the public services, into the legal profession, and so on, as in the past. But nowadays an increasing number of them go into the service of business. Some of these are economists, or statisticians, or accountants; but others take, at the University, courses which have no direct connection with their subsequent careers. Indeed, in face of the pressure for the acquisition of specialised factual knowledge which besets medical students, a high proportion of the scientists and technologists, and some of the more specialised students included under "Arts," the Universities' chance of pursuing their aim of giving their students a fairly wide cultural background and time to browse and think for themselves depends increasingly on the survival of the less specialised "Arts" courses, and on keeping down the burden of speedy factual acquisition which tends to get heavier, even in these subjects. "Arts" students in most Universities play much more than their proportional share in the running of clubs and societies for discussion, in writing for University journals, and in the social side of University life.

But, despite their activity in these fields, the social side is declining, except in the older Universities which have their vigorous residential college life. It is bound to do so, until many more hostels can be built, and much better Common Room and refectory accommodation provided. At present, in far too many cases, attending a University means little more than attending lectures, and then rushing away to a distant suburb, where work is done in entire isolation from other students. This is not University life at all, in any proper sense of the term. The non-residential Universities, or many of them, do their best; but with their inadequate buildings it is bound to be a poor best, in face of the sharp increase in numbers above those for whom the buildings were designed.

Even apart from this, there are, in most subjects, many, too many, facts to be learnt; and every year the institutions concerned with entry to professional careers seem to add to their requirements, despite all warnings about the effect on the students' power to think. Yet another difficulty is that books have become so expensive that most students buy only a very few. (Incidentally, book-stealing from libraries has notably increased.) Instead of owning books, and being able to refer back to them at will, students crowd into libraries, where they try, under overcrowded conditions, to de-gut a book as fast as they can—very likely with several others waiting their turn to get at it. This makes for poor work; for hasty note-taking is no substitute for digestion of a writer's thought. It means more reliance on text-books, and less discussion-reading of good authors. But for the remedy we must await not only bigger and better libraries—including lending libraries—but also cheaper books. Penguins can be a godsend; but they cover only a small field, and are apt to go out of print in the twinkling of an eye.

I said in a previous article that the expansion of University education since 1939 does not appear to have involved any fall in average student quality. There are fewer students who have got to a University for social reasons only, without having the requisite qualities. There are not fewer clever students; but the really clever have not increased in proportion to the increase in total numbers. There is a higher proportion of middling students, as one would expect from the state of the schools. These middling students are, however, precisely those to whom it makes the greatest difference to be well taught, not to be overloaded with facts, and to have opportunity to participate in the social and cultural sides of University life. Few are now getting what they need.

When we do get back to expanding the University population, are we to crowd the newcomers into the existing Universities, or to establish new ones? There are a number of Universities and University colleges which can obviously be expanded to much larger numbers. Exeter, Hull, Leicester and Southampton are all under 1,000; Stoke, the newest comer, is only about 300 strong; Reading has only 1,000 students; Nottingham and Sheffield 2,000, and Aberdeen and St. Andrew's under 2,000, as compared with Oxford's 7,000 and Cambridge's 8,000. If all the existing institutions were brought up to 4,000, there would be room for another 40,000 students—more than the actual increase between 1939 and now. It looks as if, instead of thinking about new Universities, we had better for the time being content ourselves with improving those we have.

G. D. H. COLE

# London Diary

THE Gallup Poll results published by the *News Chronicle* show that Labour is now slightly more popular in the country than the Conservatives. Polls, of course, usually show the Opposition ahead of the Government, but this trend had been spectacularly reversed after last year's Labour Party Conference at Morecambe. At the Sunderland bye-election in early May, Labour had reached its lowest point; the country was in the Coronation atmosphere; Butler's Budget was popular; Churchill had given the impression of a "peace dynamic" by his proposals for Four Power talks. Such an agglomeration of favourable factors for the Tories made many pundits expect an autumn election. (I didn't expect one myself because, not being a pundit, I always discount such electoral calculations.) The new and decisive factor was the illness of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. People argue about whether Mr. Eden, emaciated and sun-tanned in Greece, or Mr. Churchill, again in boisterous but precarious health, is the better bet. It is the fact that there are bets in the matter at all that has greatly weakened the Conservative Party. Such doubts about Tory leadership, combined with the total slump in their "peace dynamic", shift the floating vote towards Labour. The popularity of an Opposition depends less on its own behaviour than on the strength or weakness of the Government.

* * *

One of the most pitiless swindles I have recently come across is the fraudulent flat "agency," charging two or three guineas to send you a list of apartments that have just been let. The lists are copied from the classified columns of local newspapers and the notice boards in the windows of stationers' shops. Bogus "agencies" have been making a great deal of money, but they were not, apparently, considered to be doing anything illegal. They merely republished, without acknowledgement, other people's lists of houses, and charged two or three guineas a time; there was never the smallest intention of finding anyone a flat. The Accommodation Agencies Act, 1953, which came into force on July 14, was a thoughtful attempt to make life difficult for them. It prohibited the unauthorised demand or acceptance of any fee for registering the names of flat-hunters, and the issue of lists of flats without the authority of their landlords. But it is being neatly circumvented by the simplest racket imaginable. You do not, since July 14, pay your two or three guineas to be registered as a flat-hunter: you pay it to become a member of an association. What association? It might have any name at all, though its objects are likely to purport to have something to do with property management or flat-letting; but it will be about as relevant to your chances of finding a flat as the aims of Arsenal Football Club. There is a hole in the Act which Parliament must mend.

* * *

I was glad this week to see Murumbi, once Secretary of the now banned Kenya African Union, here in London. He is the most moderate and thoughtful of the African leaders I have met: he is half Goan and has spent much of his life in India; the other half is Masai, the nomadic warrior tribe who have always been popular with the British, partly because of their fine physique, and partly because they have shown their independent spirit by the kind of open resistence which the British can always suppress. It always amuses me to hear Kenya settlers praising the Masai: you make treaties with them which you do not now deny having flagrantly broken; you sup-

press them when they revolt and then say what fine fellows they are, in distinction from dirty, treacherous people like the Kikuyu, whose resistance is of a type that genuinely endangers your position. However, I agree with the British good opinion of the Masai if Murumbi is at all typical. After leaving Kenya, he went to India and then to Egypt. In both countries he stated sensibly and forcibly the political demands of Kenya Africans. A grave disservice was done to him in Cairo by reports that he was an emissary or agent of Mau Mau, with which in fact he has never had anything to do. The misrepresentation to which this led is illustrated by the letter from Fenner Brockway which we publish in this week's issue. In fact his programme, as outlined to me in Kenya and again here, is of the most moderate and sensible kind. He stresses above all, the land problem, as all honest observers of Kenya do, and cherishes an idea of development in the reserves rather on the lines of the community projects in India.

* * *

Talking of African opinion, I note the arrival of a shilling monthly called the *African and Colonial World*, with a photograph of Nkrumah on the cover, and articles by writers from different parts of Africa. One of the first sponsors is Canon Collins, who had the temerity to put forward a three-point programme on Africa in St. Paul's Cathedral to his congregation last Sunday. He urged them all to write to the Archbishop of Canterbury asking him to support people struggling against Malan's race laws, including the passive resisters; to ask the Bishops of South Africa to appoint at least one church in each diocese where no colour bar exists, and to guarantee publicly the Church in South Africa against loss of revenue from those who may still obstinately oppose this Christian policy of racial justice. Canon Collins surely supplies the answer to a question put on a recent television *Town Forum*. Ought the clergy to attack specific evils from the pulpit, or confine themselves to pious recommendations? I was surprised that only one member of the television team thought that the pulpit should discuss the practical application of Christianity.

* * *

I've never before been at a performance where the players clapped the audience and pelted them with flowers as Yugoslav National Dancers did at the end of their very successful first performance on Monday night at Sadlers Wells. It was a gesture quite in line with their general exuberance and vitality, which could make one completely oblivious to the inherent contradiction in dances, which are so bound up with a particular life in a particular place, being performed on a stage at all. Indeed, the conviction and abandon of the dancers made one forget the theatre and half expect to see the wedding or the harvesting in which the dances had their origin. There were dances from Macedonia, Croatia, Serbia, and Dalmatia, all done in the regional dresses. Perhaps it is because most of these dances are survivals from a feudal era that the men had all the best of it. The girls were pretty and polished, but the men gave the impression of wanting to take on the Russians and Italians at the same time. For them the leaps, the swoops, the wild gyration of a whole line with the last man whisked off his feet; while the women were confined to hops and shuffles except in one dance where they were lifted by their partners and plumped down on the stage again as if they were so many sacks of good, Yugoslav corn!

* * *

Really, Mr. Phillips! Your letter (published in this issue) criticising my remarks about televising the Party Conference astonishes me. What makes you so terribly sensitive? I have watched many Labour Conferences; they are always a battle of wits between the platform and the floor, and I doubt if any constituency delegate with any experience during the last 20 years will imagine that I am trying to undermine belief in the Labour Party when I talk of "tricks" and "steamrolling" from the platform. Do you *really* want examples? I have always felt a good deal of sympathy with the platform because there are always many unreasonable people in the hall, and the business would never be got through at all if the Chairman were not pretty smart, the Conference Arrangements Committees pretty fair, and the Executive spokesmen pretty well versed in the art of appearing to be reasonable while concealing nothing substantial. If you are really so naive, Mr. Phillips, as not to know anything of this ancient game, I recommend you to have a drink at Margate first with Mr. Morrison and then with Mr. Bevan.

* * *

A City friend has again made a "book" of the odds for and against candidates for the Executive of this year's Margate Conference. Nobody, I gather, is expected to take (I cite the odds on Wednesday) 750 to one on Bevan or 400 to one on Barbara Castle or Driberg. The eleven to two on Mikardo and the nine to two on Griffiths, Wilson and Crossman might attract some people. If I were interested in a speculative bet, I should take the fifteen to two against Gaitskell, the eight to one against Greenwood or the ten to one against Callaghan. I note that my friend offers 200 to one the field, but obviously too much is known about the form of candidates for anyone to put his money on a dark horse.

CRITIC

## HOW PLEASANT TO BE MR. DULLES!

We don't now have to be constantly taking international public opinion polls to find out what others want, and then doing what it seems will make us popular.—Mr. John Foster Dulles.

How pleasant to be Mr. Dulles,
Who steers the Department of State!
His style is less polished than Tully's,
But his arguments carry more weight.

His mind is hide-bound and tenacious,
His mouth is remarkably big,
But if his remarks sound pugnacious,
Mr. Dulles need not care a fig.

Assured of the States' solidarity
When seeking a showdown in force,
He need not invite popularity
(Except with the Germans, of course).

His outlook is quite hemispherical,
He's a hundred-per-cent Sinophobe,
And his henchmen get simply hysterical
When he bawls out one half of the globe.

His method is not diplomatic,
Which is what the Republicans like;
And his orders are made more emphatic
By the silence of President Ike.

His tone is abrupt and commanding,
He scorns to conceal the big stick.
He has only one talent outstanding,
The talent for dropping the brick.

His dictates for Allies' behaviour
Down the throat of the free world are rammed.
At home—he is liberty's saviour,
Abroad—he is Dulles the Damned!

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**

At Paddington Station one of the refreshment rooms used to serve waffles . . .

Now they have been removed from the menu. A habitué of the refreshment room who asked the reason for this deletion was told by the attendant: "Too many people wanted them."—*Daily Telegraph*. (Keith Orpen.)

Coun. Badham proposed that the gates of the park should be closed at night. "I may be a crank, but cranks make revolutions. If I can persuade the Council to close the park after dark I shall die a happy man." he declared.—*Swindon Evening Advertiser*. (H. R. F. Keating.)

The Salford stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Leslie Walsh, was told yesterday that the reason why four people were found in a public-house vault eighty minutes after the closing time was that one of them had been telling the others about visitations from his dead wife, and that they were all so affected and upset that the barmaid did not like to intervene with a reminder of the time.—*Manchester Guardian*. (C. Francis.)

Let us have an "Eton collars for boys" campaign. It might well be the answer to the problem of juvenile delinquency.—Letter in *Daily Sketch*. (S. Denny.)

The Dartford Coroner decided yesterday not to hold an inquest on a male skeleton found by builders preparing foundations for new houses at the Temple Hill housing estate, Dartford. His decision followed a report from Dr. F. E. Camps, pathologist, that the skeleton is approximately 2,000 years old.—*The Times*. (Josephine Bax).

# Mr. Priestley's Wilderness

I HAVE several times visited Mr. Priestley's wilderness. On the way in, there is a notice saying: "Members of the public proposing to remain should deposit their hope at the Lodge." I am sure I have seen something like that before. The wilderness is a barren, waterless place, the sun is overcast, and nothing grows there but thorn bushes bearing Dead Sea fruit. It is inhabited by a number of solitary hermits, who snap at each other and at visitors: they are doubtless meditating on the cosmos, but they look for all the world as if they were sulking. I recognised several old acquaintances. One of them was writing a poem while standing on his head: he told me that this was very difficult. I came away resolved never to visit the wilderness again, and afterwards I reached the following conclusions.

For better or worse Western civilisation has issued in scientific industrialism. The faults which Mr. Priestley finds in both our political parties really belong not to our politics, but to our economics. For nothing less than the State is really big enough to do business on the modern scale, and that is why capitalism is forced to *buy* the State.

I believe with all my heart that Mr. Priestley is utterly right in repeating, in his own words, *Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox*, etc. In much that I have written I have tried to say so. But it is a matter of history that herb-eaters go down before ox-eaters. Our problem is to keep up our strength on steak, while retaining the mind and spirit of the herb-eater; otherwise, we perish. That is why I don't think it futile to continue advocating much the same values as Mr. Priestley prematurely mourns, while realising very clearly that my ideas, as such, like Mr. Priestley's *Thoughts in the Wilderness*,

take insufficient account of society's real state of mind and spirit, which (and this cannot be avoided) is compounded of Tom, Dick and Harry's mind and spirit. It is impossible to remake a Merry England, especially since its historicity seems doubtful. But we *can* modify the future England, the future world, in what we believe to be the right sense, by persistent nagging.

Modern industrialism, abetted by the most brilliant and irresponsible science in the history of mankind, flattered, or absurdly ignored, or helplessly sneered at, by an inferior, "non-attached" or coterie art and letters, has created a social system suitable for mass-living, unsuitable for personal living. It has also given us such colossal physical power that only mass-men can handle it; the individual is overwhelmed. He compensates for this by admiring himself in the mass. He is immensely proud of the atom bomb which will probably blow him to bits. Poor devil! what else has he to be proud of?

Mr. Priestley has observed that whole men, making things *of* themselves, with their own hands, are happy. So have I; I have even (I'm sorry, I've got my fingers crossed) observed that peasants are often whole and happy. But it is utterly useless to advocate the destruction of industrialism; and without such destruction these values cannot be regained. It follows that our business is to modify, as it grows, the shape, nature and purposes of scientific industrialism until, at last, maybe, the individual man, as a thinker, as a feeling being, and as a maker, can be restored to his place. And we hope that, because of his ordeal by machine, the stuff, style and purpose of his work will be all the finer.

Broadly, two forces struggle in our world for control of scientific industrialism and its servants—capitalism and Socialism, the tycoon and the State. Why is Mr. Priestley as much afraid of the State as of the huge, irresponsible, irredeemably vulgar and cynical caucuses of "private enterprise"? It is his business to *make* the State; and constantly to re-make it. He complains that he owns no newspaper, no TV station. But a hundred thousand people buy his books and millions read them. The fountain pen is like the bayonet: you can do anything with it except sit on it.

Private monopoly capitalism makes use of scientific industrialism to accumulate wealth and power for individuals and small groups. It is, in my view, the most immoral and hideous manifestation of economic man in history, excepting mass slavery, which, during war, it entails in any case . . . *et comment*! It also entails all the horrors Mr. Priestley has evoked, from the sales-and-advertising tycoon to power-maniacs. So, of course, does Communism, which is now simply capitalism carried to its logical conclusion. (A few months after the start of the next war the U.S. will, for its survival's sake, be Communist in everthing but name.)

In Socialism, and—let's face it—Socialism *à l'anglais*, there is still a slender chance for us, for mankind. There is a chance to *force* scientific industrialism to serve man and recreate men, instead of forcing men to disappear and man to serve it. I believe that it is still just barely possible that the vision of the 19th-century scientific liberals, of a mankind liberated by goodwill, good sense and science (instead of one enslaved by a criminal or stupid misapplication of these means) may be realised. We have to go through the mill: we are in it now; and it's very disagreeable. But the design is noble. It is to complete the business of giving mankind fully human stature.

It is utterly impossible to do this unless we use the real instruments which are to hand, and stop dreaming of better ones. The real instrument is that political party, or those parties which, whatever their failings, are able to take and handle power. They will backslide; they will be corrupted; their goings-on will evoke, in the man of intelligence and sensibility, an agonising boredom and a sterilising contempt. *Hubris:* we know what follows.

We have a party which was brought into being to destroy the gross evil of industrial power in private hands. In doing so it *may* become like the thing it is destroying. It must and can be constantly and patiently corrected. And it must be kept in mind of the one fair aim of politics—the reconciliation of those near-irreconcilables, freedom and order.

I have read somewhere that when a Mandarin, reared on the *Analects*, found his high principles outraged by the immorality or stupidity of the Government he served, he abandoned politics and went home. How gentlemanly! And how *bloody* silly!

Mr. Priestley is no Mandarin, thank Heaven. I will risk a snub: I will appeal to him to stop shrugging his shoulders in a wilderness, an unseemly spectacle. I urge him to return, and to use his great powers once again in the service of people, ordinary people, who are in a hideously dangerous situation and need all the help they can get. He does not like either the tools we have to use, or the design of the article we are making. Nor do a lot of us. So the best thing is to help change both of them.

EDWARD HYAMS

# Rumania After Five Years

## II. The New Course

For five years, the Communist regimes in Eastern Europe have forgone all luxuries and done without many necessities in order to finance their industrial programmes. Now their course is changing. In Prague, less than three months after the currency reform, I saw a wide range of consumer goods, highly priced but within the reach of skilled workers. In Budapest, easier times are promised, and in Moscow there has been the far-reaching change of policy announced in Malenkov's speech to the Supreme Soviet. A similar change is under way in Rumania. Its early stages were announced at intervals since April; and in the first weeks of August, Rumanian officials told me that they were now putting more stress on "balanced" development, designed to provide more food and more goods in the shops. None of them, however, went so far as Premier Gheorghiu-Dej, whose speech on August 23 was a full-dress presentation of the new policy.

This speech is remarkable, not only for the promises of improvement that it makes, but also for its frank admission of "serious shortcomings"—some of which were evident even to a visitor. Its most important assertion is that the pace of industrial development has been too fast. Many new factories have been built—I saw some of them from the inside—and Rumania has managed to raise its industrial output to two and a half times the 1938 level. It has not been simply a matter of expanding existing capacity: the whole economy has been reshaped. Before the war, its basic pattern was semi-colonial. It produced oil, timber, food and other primary products, exported them, and imported most of the manufactures it needed. Industry was unbalanced and lacked many branches essential to a modern society. The Communists' objective was to create a base in heavy industry and machine-building. This has been done, though the cost has been high, and the economy has been distorted in the process. "The rate of industrialisation," said Gheorghiu-Dej, "has been excessively accelerated." Too much of the national income has been spent on "excessive capital investments," and the living standards of the people have suffered as a result.

Such "self-criticism," however, does not mean that the industrial plan has failed. The foundations of heavy industry have been laid. I have seen some of the new Rumanian machine-tools in the factories. I have also seen the rolling-stock, tractors, tramcars, heavy electrical equipment, oil machinery, ball-bearings, surgical instruments, diesel motors, compressors and pneumatic drills that are being made by the new Rumanian industries. In certain lines, production is only just beginning. In others it has reached a point where some items are available for export. Such technical diversity is an achievement of some importance, especially as much of the labour force has had to be trained while the factories were being built.

The Rumanians make no secret of the part that the Soviet Union has played in their industrialisation. Official publications bear witness to the "direct help" of Soviet technicians, to the delivery of machines and even "complete factories." I saw Soviet capstan lathes, heavy presses, lorries, cranes and other heavy equipment, and I was told of plant supplied for the cement, oil machinery and metal industries. In the huge new printing works now being built for *Scanteia* and other Rumanian publications, there were row on row of Soviet flatbeds, linotypes and foundry machines, as well as a Moscow-made rotary press with a huge capacity of copies an hour. Russian "mutual economic assistance" is even greater in the "Sovroms," or joint Soviet-Rumanian companies, which control the oil industry completely, and are important in transport, timber, metals, coal, shipping and insurance.

The evidence of this dependence on the Soviet Union for the basic tools of the modernisation programme is everywhere. The Rumanian worker may use a Soviet machine and feed it with Soviet raw material, travel to work in a bus made in Moscow, and see his products leave the factory in a Soviet-made lorry. He may have been taught his trade by a Russian technician, or sent to the Soviet Union to learn it. His factory may have been designed on a Soviet pattern. Much of its output, indeed, may be sent to the U.S.S.R. to help pay for the machines and raw materials. The arrangements in the textile industry illustrate this very well. Cotton is supplied by the Soviet Union. Eighty per cent. of the textiles made from this cotton are returned to the U.S.S.R. as payment: the remainder is kept by the Rumanians.

Precise industrial data are not available. Yet it is clear that while there has been a striking increase in engineering, oil, chemical, cement and metal production, other branches of industry besides those catering to the consumer are lagging far behind the requirements of the whole economy. Heavy industry and "certain contruction work"—which means big projects such as the Danube-Black Sea Canal—have had priority: in the words of Gheorghiu-Dej, this meant that "insufficient" capital was invested in the land and light industry and that there was "a lag in agricultural production and in output of consumer goods."

Rumania, in fact, has not yet reached its pre-war level of agricultural production. It is still predominantly rural, and traditional methods and

small peasant ownership persist—up to the end of 1952 only one-fifth of the arable area was in State or collective farms—though much of the terrain is ideal for mechanisation. In the country as a whole there are merely 14,000 tractors and 25,000 motor-drawn machines. (One factory in Britain, to make a comparison, has a daily output of 265 tractors.) In the first six months of this year, only 1,325 tractors and 2,800 machines were added to the stock. The new policy—"to improve in the near future the standard of living"—calls for doubling the rate of capital investment in agriculture, for more generous credits to peasants, for a substantial increase in output by taking mechanisation and science to the farms, and for a general relaxation of pressure on the peasants, who still produce three-quarters of the grain crop.

There has undoubtedly been such pressure. In his speech on August 23, the Premier spoke of "abuses in imposing deliveries and taxation which result in a decline of agricultural production," and earlier this year the Government cancelled peasant debts to the State, consisting precisely of arrears piled up through failure to meet delivery quotas or pay taxes. It is also clear that collectivisation had been pushed too quickly. Everyone is now taking pains to insist that sound collectives can only be built without compulsion. In a speech that the Premier made at the end of May, he explained with great emphasis that the peasant cannot be hurried and needs "time to get convinced" of the merits of collective farming. These words are italicised in the original: "*the voluntary principle . . . only the profound conviction of the working peasants . . . can serve as the basis of really durable collective farms.*"

This does not mean that collectivisation is to stop. On the contrary, in both the May and August speeches Gheorghiu-Dej insisted that State and collective farming is to be the main instrument for transforming the rural economy. The difference is that, now agriculture is to be given priority, it should be possible to provide the technical and material help that collectives need if they are to become an attractive example to small peasants; so far, they have not received "sufficient support" or made "satisfactory use" of the "technique at their disposal." At the same time, in order to convince the ordinary peasants that the Government really means business, they are also to be given the help they require to get the much-needed increase in food supplies, to get consumer goods at lower prices, and more satisfactory marketing arrangements—on the one condition that they are not kulaks who "exploit hired labour."

All this amounts to a thorough revision of the policies that have prevailed for the last five years. The measure of the change is Gheorghiu-Dej's announcement that, from the end of this year, consumption will take 72.2 per cent of the national income and capital investment will be reduced to 27.8 per cent. Within the total allocated to investment, moreover, "appropriations for heavy industry and other work" will be cut down in order to provide an additional sum of approximately £170 millions for "developing agriculture, manufacturing consumer goods, for housing and for satisfying other socio-cultural needs." There are soon to be wage increases in key industries, and more use of piece-work bonuses, improved health services, more schools and houses, and an extension of retail trade, which will find more room for "private traders."

With this change Rumania comes squarely into line with the new policy already announced in the Soviet Union and the other People's Democracies. It will not be easy to reach the new targets, for the economy will take time to adjust to this far-reaching change in direction, to reorganise production, transfer workers and expand industries which have been left behind in the years when austerity was the condition of building a heavy industry. This summer, however, has undoubtedly brought internal changes in Eastern Europe which are just as significant as the more widely publicised peace campaign, and closely related to it. While I was in Bucharest, it was still too soon to work out the pattern, to interpret all the motives that have led to the new line, or to assess its long-term consequences.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

# Socialist Malaya?

*(By a Correspondent)*

BY setting up a 46-member committee to go into the question of elections to the Federal Legislative Council, General Templer caused a certain fluttering among would-be political leaders in Malaya. This large committee, which includes the nine State Prime Ministers and a heavy preponderance of business men and Government officials, has been urged by the Legislative Council to submit its report at the earliest possible date "consistent with the importance of the task." But a proposal by the United Malay National Organisation (U.M.N.O.) and the Malayan Chinese Association (M.C.A.) that this report should be tabled by the end of the year (so as to permit elections next year) was not acceptable to the Council. In the debate, Tungku Abdul Rahman, leader of U.M.N.O., said that their election demands were "moderate"—a majority of elected unofficial members, and a suffrage confined to those born in the country and citizens of the country or subjects of the Rulers.

One plan which General Templer's Committee of 46 will have before it is the Eleven Year Plan of the Pan-Malayan Labour Party to create a Socialist State of Malaya. It was produced rather hurriedly by the Chairman, Inche Mohammed Sopiee, after he had dramatically walked out of what he called the "feudal-commercial-communal alliance"—the U.M.N.O.-M.C.A. organisation. At the time he was a leading member of U.M.N.O. and a friend of Dato Sir Chen-lock Tan, President of the wealthy Malayan Chinese Association. Sopiee's "Socialist" plan for independence is spread over three stages and no British official could have done better. In the first stage (1954-57) he proposes a Legislative Council with 61 elected Members, 14 ex-officio Members, and a Government of 10 elected Members and 5 ex-officio Members. In the next stage (1958-60) the Federal Government "shall negotiate with the British Government for the full transfer of power, including the unification of Singapore." By 1961 the Assembly would be fully elective and the High Commissioner would be replaced by a Head of the Malayan State. General Templer's proposal to his 46-member committee "to recommend constitutional changes in the Federal Government arising from elections" was an adroit counter-move; it took away the political initiative from Sopiee and the rest of the hopefuls. The discredited and secret Malayan Communist Party is now the sole party demanding immediate and complete independence, although it would be true to add that the senseless murder of more than a thousand working-class Malayans has done nothing to persuade local people that the Communists are trying to take over the country in the interests of the masses.

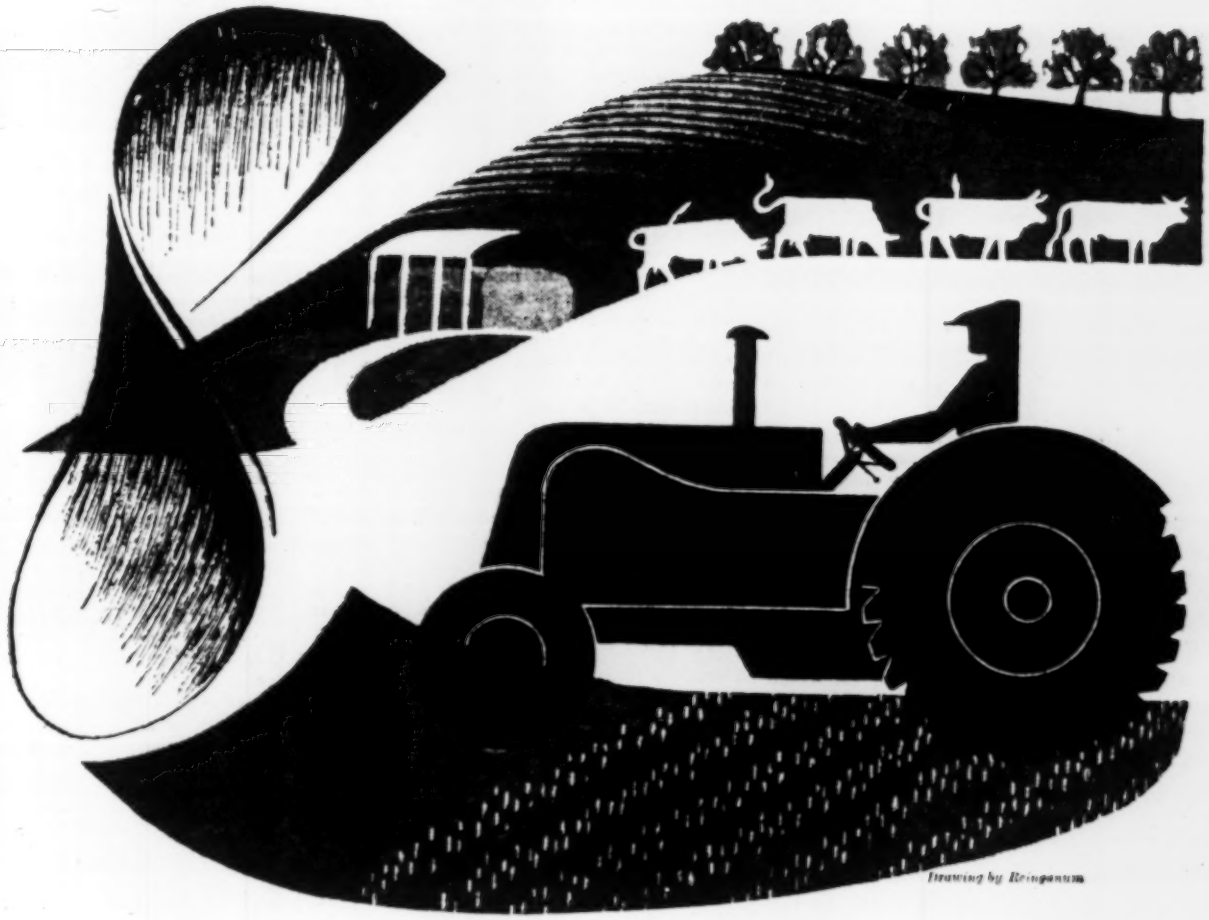
At the moment, the possibilities of a Socialist State of Malaya seem remote. The Pan-Malayan Labour Party remains a sketchily organised political party, a party of personalities with a Socialist label. The truth is that the real and intelligent Socialists of Malaya are mostly either in the underground Malayan Communist Party, in the new and very small University of Malaya Socialist Party, or else lying low and waiting until the all-powerful Emergency Regulations are removed. Until then, the Socialist lawyers, doctors, engineers, school-teachers and civil servants (the political intellectual core of a good Malayan Socialist Party) will keep quiet and watch, with some amusement, the antics of the present would-be politicians posturing within the strict confines of a colonial "liberalism" which welcomes this harmless political activity.

On the other hand there is a great deal of discussion about Socialism, a fairly wide appreciation that Socialism is going to be necessary to solve the problems which General Templer will leave behind when he goes home and the Emergency Regulations are lifted. Economists are convinced that the only possible hope for a Malayan nationalism, and a Malayan nation, is through Socialism, or through some economic policy which will put the two big groups of people, roughly equal in number, the Malays and the Chinese, on a more or less comparable footing. At present, the Chinese produce twice as much as the Malays; their standard of living is twice as high. Obviously this ill-balance is bound to foster communal friction.

Producing half the country's wealth in rubber and tin and rice, the Malays get about a quarter of the national income. They are often exploited by dealers from whom they buy and to whom they sell. To overcome this, the Government, through the Rural and Industrial Development Authority (R.I.D.A.) has formed co-operatives and mutual-aid factories. This is certainly a move in the right direction, although on an inadequate scale; it is estimated that since R.I.D.A. was set up two and a half years ago it has spent just about the cost of the emergency for ten days. What most economists say is necessary is for Dato Sir Onn bin Jaafar, who is in charge of R.I.D.A., and still the most influential Malayan nationalist leader, to launch a nation-wide plan of agrarian socialisation which includes State marketing boards for rubber, tin, rice, pineapples and vegetables. They believe this is the only way in which the standard of living of the Malays can be elevated to that of the Chinese.

On the labour side, there are hopeful signs that the younger trade union leaders are becoming more politically conscious. Most of them have fair ability, but they must first concentrate on building up the unions. There are still more workers outside unions than inside. Until there are larger union memberships, the leaders will have to be content to watch much lesser men scramble for the odd seats in the Council chambers. This does not matter. There is not much anyone can do effectively yet—not until the Committee of 46 has made its report. This may not appear for another year—ample time for the trade unions to get properly organised and to think seriously about fostering a country-wide Socialist Party. What happens to the present Labour Parties until then does not really matter. Meanwhile it is all to the good that General Templer, who has stepped up Emergency spending to a new record, is recognising that the Emergency is really just where it was (the Malayan Communist Party having decided to have less terror) and is exploring constitutional changes. Even so, his Committee is scarcely likely to produce a programme which will satisfy genuine Socialists in Malaya.

# TI befriends the farmer



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# Return to Bristol

In stifling days of hot summer no cooler beer in England, I dare say, can be got than from the wainscoted bar of *The Rummer*. Mr. Bailey's beer comes up delicate and fine from grey-green cellars deep below the boiling pavement not far from the ancient and venerable church of Saint Nicholas: Mr. Bailey has no call for the iced abomination. "That's where they kept the slaves, they do say," observes Mr. Bailey; "Old Bristo's fair honeycombed with tunnels that goo down to the quayside, you know."

There is no shudder in Mr. Bailey's beer: but a glance at Bristol's past will easily induce one. Second only to Liverpool, Bristol acquired huge wealth in slaving. In 1711 the Bristol Corporation of Merchant Venturers could declare with solid satisfaction (as of men doing their duty) that Bristol's prosperity stood firm upon the slave trade. The records show that Bristol began slaving in the 11th Century, mainly in Irish peasants then, and that commercial merit gave way to civic conscience only after Wesley followed Whitfield in 1739. By 1771, Bristol had no more than 23 ships left in the slave trade, as compared with Liverpool's 107.

Is that Bristol's profile? A turbulent tumultuous town, usually at odds with authority, almost always on the popular side, "stepmother of all England" by the dreadful name slaving gave her, hot for the Parliament and always inclined to "give 'em Bristol Bridge" whenever argument would not do . . . for years the greatest English port outside London, famous for building ships and sailing ships, for discovery, for steering into the trackless ocean "with the North Star on their right-hand side," so that Hakluyt spent months collecting information here, for the trade with Bordeaux and Jerez, for privateering, for every reckless way of coining money that evil could devise; original home of the South Sea Company, prime exploiter of the West Indies. The drums of civic pride can beat curious tunes in Bristol.

They are not the tunes of current repute: far from it. The roistering recklessness of "old Bristo" may be celebrated by occasionally sentimental citizens waylaid in *The Rummer* or *The Hatchet* or *The Llandoger Trow* (all famous pubs), or commemorated with careful insobriety by Bristol Savages in naughty orgies at the Red Lodge: in very fact this rumbustious splendour was long since suffocated in the enduring misery of Victorian respectability, while the industrial revolution left Bristol and the whole West of England relatively untouched—and a long way out of date. The Bristol that emerged from the Victorian era was a dull town, a stodgy, self-complacent town defended by an arch-parochial determination not to have the least truck with any foreign tendency to progress. The brave and swaggering profile of the olden days was blurred, smudged, and finally rubbed out beneath a petty-bourgeois philistinism which had a horror of anything and anyone unorthodox. Bristol became a "quiet old place," especially deadly on Sunday, and the Westward-moving traveller stopped at Bath, if he'd any sense; and thence departed swiftly for the glades of Somerset.

And so it is difficult today to give Bristol a character of its own. Bristol is no longer a port of any consequence—for that is Avonmouth; nor really an industrial town in the accepted sense of the word. All the same, after a long decline into an indolence which resisted even the substitution of trams by buses, there are perhaps not many great towns where the England of our day can be as well studied as in Bristol. Something has shaken this city out of the grip of the 19th Century. Perhaps it was the dreadful night of November, 1940, when the centre of the city burned from Hitler's bombs, that administered a shock from which good as well as bad would come. Perhaps it was then that the Age of Respectability went up in flames together with all that loaded sense of property which generations of Superior Dossets had deposited behind them, heavily emphatic, deadening, admitting no change. Or perhaps this was merely the symbolic moment, the culmination of the bitter years of the Thirties, when mounted policemen rode down the unemployed in Oldmarket and the Horsefair. However that may be, Bristol is changing its skin: there emerges a new profile, a new character.

The shameful dullness of a city once dedicated to the wine trade was always hard to explain, if worse to endure. I don't know whether Bristol people drink more wine than they used to: they ought to, for their wine trade is in a fair way toward becoming famous again. The ancient firms of Avery and Harvey make a present-day link with the Angevin traders of Bristol and Bordeaux; and it seemed appropriate last month that the present Avery, a most notable wine merchant, should be departing for a voyage to Brittany and places South ("No, I shan't go to Bordeaux . . . well, I might, you know . . .") after a fine old Bristol row with the Harbour Master and with the comfortable knowledge that, tucked away in dusty bins beneath Park Street Viaduct, there lies an unimaginable store of the wonderful clarets which link the years 1945 and 1950 (and, let it be whispered, 1952 as well). "Years like the pre-phylloxera decade," says Mr. Avery, "years of bloom, years of famous wine . . ." It may be that this good fortune can be generalised—that Bristol is now recovering its pre-phylloxera virtue.

There are signs of this. Bristol University has become unique in having a drama department (thanks largely to its present Vice-Chancellor, Sir Philip Morris) which enables students to take drama as a main subject for a general Arts degree. Restoration of the old Theatre Royal from a sordid little bug-house to its rightful pride as a theatre established in 1766 does credit to a certain number of citizens of Bristol as well as to the Arts Council; and the Theatre Royal gives hospitality as well to the only resident drama school in this country, now seven years old and firmly grounded. Culture in Bristol has more sides to it today than doleful homage to Chatterton, a poet whose misfortunes will never (except in the eyes of fanatical Bristolians, who never read him) excuse a lack of talent. As the headquarters of the Western Region of the B.B.C. and of other regional organisations such as the Hospital Board, Bristol is gradually acquiring a "capital" significance it never really had before.

With its population rather more than trebled over the last hundred years and nearing half a million, Bristol is a good example of modern urbanisation in England. The few light industries of the Thirties are larger and more various today, thanks partly to the growth of trading estates; they are greatly supplemented by the aircraft industry, now very important here. Had the industrial revolution struck England last instead of first, this emergent Bristol might have been the general consequence. A sample survey conducted for the Transport Commission in 1951 showed that 81 per cent of the inhabitants earn less than £8 1s a week: out of six Parliamentary seats, Labour holds four and may shortly hold five, and the equally divided Council now inclines steadily to the Labour side. The municipal deliberations of expanding Bristol are very much the stuff of English life in 1953.

Its record in housing is among the best. While private enterprise has contributed 1,200 houses since 1945, the local authority has built over 11,000 new houses, put up 3,000 pre-fabs, and reconstructed another 4,000 dwellings; and the pace stays good. Some of Bristol's new housing estates illustrate municipal planning and achievement at a high level, and are probably as fine as anything that can anywhere be seen today. They are there at the price of more or less neglecting a city centre which requires much rebuilding and rehabilitation; yet Bristol would seem to have done well in putting first things first. And now at last a start is being made with the liquidation of early industrial squalors like Saint Jude's, where flats are rising from the debris of beastly little terraces in which the least-favoured of Bristolians lived "one up one down" and pitched their rubbish in the gutter. It is at points like this that Bristol repays study, for the Corporation is now facing a number of typical dilemmas which are very much a part of England's life—notably, for instance, whether to build flats to fourteen storeys or only to five or six. Even with tall flats the overspill of population by 1970—probably the peak—may be as much as 50,000; and there is talk of throwing off a satellite town in neighbouring Gloucestershire.

Another of these typical problems that is illustrated by Bristol is in education. Here again the record is not bad: 21 new primary schools since 1947, and three "secondary modern" schools, with others of each type on the way. Having rather more "free grant" or "independent" places than most cities, the primary-Grammar ratio of places is as high as 20 per cent, almost certainly a good way above the national average: even without the fee-paying places, the ratio is 17½ per cent. Since the Corporation has provided no new Grammar-type places, it is obvious that the post-war bulge in the birth rate will shortly begin to drive down this ratio. What does the Corporation mean to do? If its Labour majority is prolonged, which is likely, the Corporation will adopt the Comprehensive solution: to that end, it has already designed and built a number of schools on big sites as the "first component" of schools which eventually will become Comprehensive. To the existing "secondary modern" streams, that is, Grammar streams will be added: the *intention*, gravely threatened by Government policy, is to maintain the ratio at something like its present level. Many will think that this ratio of 20 per cent is nothing like high enough, but this, after all, is national and not municipal policy; and the present Government, fairly certainly, thinks it is too high. The same can be said of the size of classes: the average size of classes in Bristol primary schools is 37.3 per assistant teacher; in "secondary modern" schools it is 23.7, in technical schools 19.9, and in Grammar schools 19.5. These figures are comparatively good: getting them down further still, and giving pupils more elbow room, is once again a matter of national policy. Yet Bristol clearly shows with what urgency this national policy requires attention.

After a long siesta, a snoring Sunday-dinner-eating sleep which let the world go by unheeded, the once-great city that is Bristol may possibly be waking up at last. Perhaps Bristol was lucky to have slept through the beastliness of our industrial revolution after the beastliness of the slave trade: Bristol now has a chance of intelligent growth that is largely denied to many cities because the legacy of their past needs obliterating first. It remains to be seen what Bristol will make of this chance. Meanwhile, I can report that Bristol Rovers went some way towards the Cup Final last year, and that Bristol Museum at the moment has a fine show of that vigorous and vulgar delftware which brought fame to Bristol potteries in the 17th Century. There are signs . . .

*Bristol, August.* BASIL DAVIDSON

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# Second Child

We had read all the right books, we had combed the women's magazines, we had attended child psychology lectures and discussed the problem for hours with knowledgeable friends. All agreed on one point: one must be careful, having any kind of truck with a Second Child. He is dynamite in the nursery, destructive to the happiness of a hitherto normal, peaceful home. The risk is terrific that the nursery's First Occupant, "nose out of joint," will spend the rest of his (or her) life in a panic of jealous fury. The only salvation is if the parents are enlightened enough to gentle First Occupant along like a nervous horse, and thus save the baby from being teased or smothered to death!

We knew it all perfectly well. Long before the baby arrived, we had prepared its puzzled elder brother for what was in store; and when the baby finally was born, we threw ourselves even more into the spirit of the thing: we introduced the baby to its brother less like a relative than a present-cum-educational-toy-cum-pet-dog. Fortunately we had a progressive, child-psychology-conscious set of friends. When they came to inspect the new baby for the first time, they placated the brother with a plastic Sten gun before they handed the baby its new rattle. They never enthused about the baby without favourably recalling the looks, intelligence and co-operative powers of its elder at the same time. Nobody could have been more careful than we.

Naturally enough, it worked better than a child psychologist's wildest dreams. The older child at once banded himself with the baby in an alliance against unappreciative, unimaginative adults. If anyone suggested in his presence that the baby wasn't as good-looking as he himself had been, weighed less, had less curly hair, he flew to its defence in a passion of wronged championship. To its unsympathetic ear he confided his triumphs and trials: he showed it his toys, crooned to it lullabies and popular songs. For whole half-hours at a time he shoved, almost swung off the ground, at the high handle of the baby's pram. And in the kindergarten he spread alarm and despondency among the parents of his colleagues by his insistence that boys without baby brothers just weren't *living* at all. It just went to show, we said.

Only we had reckoned without the baby. One afternoon, at the age of about six months, it was kicking concentratedly and unsmilingly on the play-rug, with its brother as usual drooling sentimentally over it, when the latter suddenly remarked that he didn't think the baby liked him. Indeed, on inspection, the baby's eyes held in their dark depths an unmistakable gleam of distaste. It wriggled, kicked viciously again, and sank its one new needle-like tooth into its brother's hand. We tried to be reassuring: babies bite everything, children of that age can't possibly *have* such emotions. But remembering again those gleaming, far too comprehending, sophisticated eyes, we had a suspicion that it *had* known, had bitten deliberately, was as ragingly, furiously jealous of its brother as we had ever feared its brother would be jealous of it. We were driven back on the comforting thought that, after all, babies were little animals. As for the injured ego—why, they'd no business with an ego at all at their age.

It was only when the signs of resentment began to multiply—became more classically text-book—that we put ourselves in the baby's place. He couldn't sit up, but he could take notice—taking notice, in fact, was his sole source of amusement. He could not run about, nor convulse his parents with bright remarks, nor ride a tricycle, nor play trains. He could not sing, jump, dance. He was condemned—for all he knew, eternally—to slobber over repulsive paps while over there his brother battened on knobbly, bright-coloured, interesting food conveyed to the mouth with intriguingly jagged instruments. Fenced into the dull confines of a playpen, he could only kick and stare, and hate.

We were helpless. However unsophisticated, however lacking in reasoning powers, the older child could at least understand speech, was not forced to rely for information entirely on the evidence of eyes and odd unrelated sounds of movement and enjoyment and incomprehensible language. We could instruct, if we couldn't explain; we could, if necessary, lie uncompromisingly and be uncompromisingly believed. But the baby? We could only watch him lying there, in his two-dimensional world so near to reality and so far away, getting everything all wrong and suffering and hating. Obviously we had bungled the thing, somehow. But what *is* the way out? Must one wait to have a second child until the first is old enough to read books on child psychology?

DIANA GILLON

# The Sun Was Shining

Vittorio Brolio, the fat, autocratic man who was Magic Carpet's liaison representative in Italy, had a liberal eye for women and an expensive taste in wines. So commission was his life blood: he could hardly look at a mountain without thinking of ten per cent., and the very sight of a cathedral made his fingers twitch with the longing to be able to sell it to a rich American. But he was a fair-minded man, a good *compagno*, and I was glad that it was he who met my party at the frontier: I knew that, as courier, I should get my due share of the commission from shops, curio-stalls, restaurants and night clubs. When he heard that we were bound for Naples, Vittorio made a face. He came from Piedmont and hated the South: savages, *ladrone brutti*, he would say. Still, the Southerners would sell you anything, even hope; and there would be commission.

Within the tourist area round Naples lies the cameo country, the El Dorado of couriers and guides, the Mecca of the ten per cent. Factories, where admirable craftsmen (not being businessmen themselves) work on starvation level at the behest of the Dream, compete fiercely to sell cameos as delicate as ferns, snowy chiselled myths on shell, frothy with goddesses and fauns. These go to the heads of tourists like wine, and lure travellers' cheques from wallets. A few trips to cameo land should allow the travel man to hibernate in Rome for the winter—if it wasn't for the guides of Naples.

They wear smart gaberdine suits, these guides, have smiles like sunshine, and are as fast as snakes. One to each coach, they accompanied my tourists to Pompeii. We collected tips for them—apart from the gratuities privately conferred for showing special pictures on the walls—and off we swept through the heart of cameo country, to a selected factory. All the way there the guides talked cameos—softly, hypnotically, working up a cameo lust. When we reached the factory the tourists rushed in and practically tore at the cameos with their teeth; they were unbearably tempting to the homespun hearts of the Midlands, and the dullest woman among them heard the fairies singing and reached for her purse. Brolio and I hovered in the background, thinking of the commission mounting up and up, watching the wads of money changing hands. The glass cases were emptied; Psyche, Cupid and Aphrodite kidnapped to make glamorous evenings at Macclesfield. We saw ourselves renting a villa, hibernating like Doges.

Plastered with cameos, the tourists tottered out of the factory. The sun was shining, the guides smiled their brilliant smiles and sang. *L'astro d'argento . . .* When I went up to them they patted me on the back and said: "Later, later." *Prospero il vento:* the guides were at the top of their form. ("Yes, yes. All will be arranged later.") We returned to Naples in the electric cool of the evening.

As we reached the outskirts, before the clanging of the trams began, I again approached the head guide. He was superbly affable. Equal division would be made: that is how Naples is, absolutely fair shares for all, guides, coach drivers, conductors, the Co-operative Benevolent Society, the Neapolitan Tourist Development Widows' and Orphans' Fund—and the couriers. As we neared the hotel, he opened his wallet, took out a single thousand lire note, slipped it into my hand and jumped off the coach . . . When I told Brolio, Brolio swore, borrowing from many dialects, including the Tuscan. Barbarians! But he would find a way, he would have a plan by the time I came back to Italy with my next party.

I returned to England and hung round Victoria at the dead end of my heart, eating Vienna steak and two veg., calling daily at the agency, and longing for cypresses and Campari. Eventually a new party was made up, one hundred and ten of them. I collected tickets and passes and meal coupons and set off. Calais, Vallorbe—I say, courier, when do we have lunch, my little daughter feels queer, my husband says he must have some soda water—and so to Brigue and Domodossola.

Domodossola! There was Brolio waiting for me on the platform. He rushed to me with an exultant cry, the cry of an obese General, confident before bloody battle. He had evolved a master plan. We were going to cut the guides of Naples out of the picture, obliterate them. We would go to the factories alone and collect our ten per cent. And then . . . From Rome, we telephoned to the Naples bureau and told them to dismiss the guides allotted to our excursions. The manager explained that this was not possible because they were official, accredited guides with diplomas; he enlarged on their heredity, health, moral code and dependent families. At length he compromised and said that we could dismiss the guides after the visit to Pompeii; they must handle Pompeii. But we had gained the vital point; we could continue to the cameo factory alone.

When we arrived in Naples the guides were waiting at my hotel; they had heard of the plan. But when I say "guides," I do not mean the same guides. Each face was a new face, wreathed with innocent smiles; each hand grasped mine in honest comradeship. We are not taking you beyond Pompeii, I said. But there was a mistake, they said, weaving about me; it was all a hideous mistake. We are new guides, official guides, with real diplomas. We are not like the other dishonest guides with forged diplomas who behaved so monstrously. All Naples spits at them, they have been imprisoned, deported; you can trust *us* completely. "The matter is ended," I said.

So they only came as far as Pompeii in the motor coaches. They guided my 110 clients

round the ruins; and, when the visit was over, I stayed behind to collect the stragglers. As I strolled back to the entrance, Brolio came running towards me waving his arms. "The swine," he shouted and relapsed into Umbrian. "They've done it again. Look for yourself." He dragged me towards the coaches. The whole parking area was crammed with cameo-sellers, fat, thin, tall, short, crippled and one-eyed, laden with trays of cameos. They were selling like hot cakes, melting like ice in the sunshine; the tourists wouldn't have a penny left when they got to the factory. "No commission," I said. "No commission," shouted Brolio, and added something in Ligurian. "No commission," I repeated, and looked at Brolio's red face. Then suddenly we started to laugh. Our laughter seemed to act as a signal to the guides, who had hidden themselves behind trees and walls. They all surged forward—not only the new guides but the old guides we had had before. They were all laughing, too. The sun was shining.

ANTHONY CARSON

# The Arts and Entertainment

## A CARL NIELSEN FESTIVAL—I

COPENHAGEN has just devoted a whole week to the music of Carl Nielsen. Within six days we have heard four of the six symphonies, two concertos, two performances of the opera *Saul and David*, the choral *Hymnus amoris* and a liberal selection from the chamber music, the piano music and the songs. In his later years the composer was understandably depressed by the fact that his music had made so little headway in the world at large, and he would therefore have been delighted to observe, among the large audiences at this little publicised Festival, Americans, Germans and Englishmen as well as his own compatriots, who have long since accepted him as a national hero—a sort of Elgar and Vaughan Williams rolled into one. Most of the music was already familiar to me, though in some cases only through the medium of the gramophone; the cumulative effect of hearing it "live" and in performances so fervent and so authentic was to confirm my impression that, far from being a minor provincial composer, Carl Nielsen possessed one of the most powerful and original musical minds of the present century. He is especially notable for a quality otherwise sparsely represented in the music of our time: that of affirmation.

To simplify is always a danger; and by calling Carl Nielsen's music affirmative we risk conjuring up a crude picture of a square-jawed proletarian striding manfully into the future. Such a picture would be absolutely false. There is nothing of the poster, no religious or political evangelism, about Carl Nielsen's art. The voice that we hear in all his music is that of a many-sided human being—warm, generous, humorous, above all spontaneous; predominantly easy-going, but capable of blazing fury or of black despair, even at rare moments of sarcasm and cynicism; yet in the long run affirmative, in being saturated by a profound sense of the goodness and—how shall I put it?—the resilience of life. Carl Nielsen is a composer who loves the sun, but for whom sunlight is all the more real and precious because of the dark shadows which it casts. Nothing is more characteristic of his melodic style, at all periods of his life, than that little trick of sliding rapidly from the major into the minor key, and back again. One of his daughters, a painter, has compared the impression made by this trait to "the shadow of clouds over a field," and the phrase suggests the ripple of life, the happy unexpectedness, which is a constant feature of his music; it also reminds us that he is of all composers

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S.59 THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

among the least urban. His childhood in rustic Funen, which he described so vividly in his recently translated autobiography, remained throughout his life a prime source of inspiration. But he is not in the first place a nature musician; and his landscapes are never untenanted and inhospitable, like those of his great Finnish contemporary. His music, when it is not purely abstract, is concerned with human beings; even those explorations into the nature of individual instruments which filled his later years are also, in a sense, investigations into human character.

The main burden of the Festival was borne by the splendid Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra, and their very first concert contained a magnificent performance which was also, paradoxically, a disappointment. Launy Grøndahl was to have conducted the rarely heard and in England unknown Sixth Symphony, but he substituted for it the familiar Second, "The Four Temperaments." Of course this genial work made a more suitable opening than the enigmatic Sixth, about which even the Danes cannot agree; all the same, the disappointment of the English contingent was very real. Luckily, my hopes of becoming acquainted with No. 6 were not dashed: the score is published, and there is also a good gramophone record, as yet unavailable in England. It proved to be, even at its most disconcerting, a very fascinating work. Certainly it has neither the architectural span nor the heroic content of the great two-movement Fifth Symphony which was the climax of the composer's career, and of which Erik Tuxen once again conducted at Copenhagen a wonderful performance. Nielsen called his No. 6 a "Sinfonia semplice," perhaps with conscious irony, perhaps because his extremely individual last-period instrumentation here attained a new transparency: the first movement, in particular, an exciting and highly original structure, has a frosty clarity of sound which is most exhilarating. It is the second movement, the grotesque and cynical Humoresque, which has given the symphony its bad name; it sounds like a parody of Stravinsky at his most angular and trivial, and it is freely interrupted by "contemptuous yawns" (the composer's own phrase) from a *glissando* trombone. In the moving "Proposta seria" which follows, a note of despair can be discerned; this is, however, not a full-length slow movement, but an introduction to the Finale, a brilliant and kaleidoscopic set of variations. The "pessimism" of this strange and wilful work has perhaps been exaggerated; my own feeling is that it is far more valuable than the Third Symphony (the popular "Espansiva"), which was also included in the Festival scheme. The latter is the only one of the symphonies which has, for me, outstayed its welcome: in its sequences, its melodic material and its texture there is a certain coarseness and over-emphasis.

The late Flute Concerto, on the other hand, is delightful. The strange antithesis of aristocratic flute and plebeian trombone produces a series of conversations as quaintly incompatible as those of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and the final tableau, where by some happy accident the brazen vulgarian stumbles on a long-lost theme and key, is a delicious stroke of comedy which comes off unerringly in performance. The flautist was Holger Gilbert-Jespersen, for whom the work was written and whose personal idiosyncrasies the solo part is said to reflect; the conductor was Thomas Jensen, than whom no one understands Nielsen more deeply or secures from the Danish players more vivid performances; at the same concert he gave a memorable account of the First Symphony, a straightforward work which has never lost its freshness and charm. Of the chamber music I can mention here only the Wind Quintet, perhaps the most lovable and the most perfect in detail of all his works; of the piano music only the nobly austere *Theme and Variations*, in which Arne Skjold Rasmussen greatly distinguished himself.

The great surprise of the Festival was the opera *Saul and David*, my account of which must stand over until next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## THE MOVIES

**"Shane," at the Plaza**
**"Fanfan la Tulipe," at the Rialto**
**"The Sword and the Rose," at the Gaumont, Haymarket**

*Shane* is the name of a mysterious stranger who rides one evening into the valley where a young homesteading couple, with their boy Joey, have settled in the wide American West of eighty or ninety years ago. This is the time of violent, bitter feuds between the first and second generation of pioneers; the cattlemen, the first to open up the West, now resent the "squatters" who, with their families, have followed them, built their own homes, and started to make a living from the land. Through marauding, gunfighting, driving their cattle across the homesteaders' land and trampling it, the earlier pioneers, determined to "keep the ranges open," have discouraged and driven back many of the settlers.

This particular couple, though, is determined to stay, and it is Shane, riding up to their cabin as the sun goes down, who will help them. Quickly the aloof, impassive figure becomes the small boy's idol, and is breathlessly watched, through a crack in the door, as he engages in a fist fight with the sullen cattlemen who spend half the day glowering and muttering at the bar in the general store of the little township; is watched again, at the end, when he shoots their ferocious leader and his gunfighter, leaving the community of homesteaders safe, and rides away across the mountains, as mysteriously as he came.

This ambitious Technicolor film is one of the few genuinely interesting works to have come out of a disturbed, declining Hollywood recently. It was directed by George Stevens and it has some strongly characteristic qualities: a firm, concentrated narrative exposition, a deliberate and dramatically charged tempo, a richly detailed texture and a sure sense of background. Its description of an isolated western community is original and striking, almost documentary. The portraits of the homesteading couple, excellently played by Van Heflin and Jean Arthur, and their strange, appealing child (Brandon de Wilde) are also direct and affectionate. On the realistic level, this is an unusually successful film.

There is, however, the element of mythology: the enigmatic Shane, once a gunfighter, we learn, and now abjuring violence, led back into violence by the cause he nobly champions, riding off among the lonely hills with more corpses to his record, more murders in his inescapable past. To the small boy he will remain a romantic hero, to the homesteaders a friend who worked a miracle for them, to the marauding cattlemen a dangerous, deadly opponent. But to us he is not quite any of these things. He remains, literally and metaphorically, unreal, partly because the actor (Alan Ladd) lacks the temperament for him and makes his impassivity merely wooden, and partly because the director seems unsure how far to explore him as a character. Shane exists in a no-man's-land between legend and reality.

Of the rest, *Bellissima*, a brilliant Italian film by Luchino Visconti, the first product of this powerful talent to be shown in this country, must wait a week for the space it deserves. *Fanfan la Tulipe* is a good-natured, high-spirited and heavy-handed French burlesque of the swashbuckling hero and the action-packed costume adventure story; Gérard Philipe leaps, duels, escapes and charms the ladies indefatigably, but there is something rather forced about his *panache*, as about the rumbustiousness of the direction. Lightness was never one of Christian-Jaque's qualities. Within five minutes' walk is *The Sword and the Rose*, produced by an American company in this country, which is more or less the kind of picture that *Fanfan la Tulipe* makes fun of. It concerns the loves and adventures of Princess Mary Tudor, Henry VIII's sister, and a dashing commoner, Thomas Brandon, and is mainly apocryphal and wholly absurd; the dialogue offers some special pseudo-archaic delights, and the less deliberate of these two parodies, in fact, turns out to be the more enjoyable.

Postscript to Venice: the festival ended with a major disappointment and a minor revelation. The disappointment, alas, was Carné's *Thérèse Raquin*. His "modern" transposition of Zola's melodrama does not, really, take us any further than about 1937, and the result is a piece of masterly craftsmanship without a *raison d'être*. The doomed romantic couple, driven to an unpremeditated murder, the victimisation of the worker and the empty sadness of the bourgeoisie, the sinister, ironic figure of destiny—all these themes from *Le Jour se Lève*, *Quai des Brumes* and others recur, but as a kind of fond theoretical

A Scottish Coxswain

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restatement, a rootless attempt to re-enter a closed period.

Life, though, is exactly what *The Little Fugitive*, a film made independently by three young Americans, about a six-year-old boy who runs away to Coney Island for a day and a night, brings with itself. For all its slightness, it is full of a captivating and sympathetic observation, and the boy wanders through the gaudy funfair and the hectically crowded beach, amuses himself, sulks, wonders what to do next, as if magically unaware of the camera. One hopes that an enterprising distributor will bring *The Little Fugitive* to London.

GAVIN LAMBERT

## RADIO NOTES

NATURAL disasters, acts of God on the grand scale, are events to which the B.B.C. commonly responds with programmes characterised, in restraint, dignity and poignancy, by a fitting sense of occasion. Why we should want to listen to them, and even feel pleasure in them, is a question perhaps not often enough put, but on the answer we find must depend our evaluation of such programmes. We listen, it seems to me, for much the same reasons as we attend to murder trials. The reasons are mixed, or rather, they exist at different levels of value; they run through the whole gamut from the curiosity which is called vulgar or morbid to the unconscious wish, which is one of the marks of man, to experience the tragic emotions. Whether we do so or not depends upon the nature of the disaster itself and the degree of art with which it is dramatised for us. The two factors are inseparable; Shakespeare himself couldn't have made Christie a tragic figure and, by the same token, it would have been all too easy to have made *Earthquake in Greece* a crude onslaught upon the tear-ducts. But Mr. Gilliam, who flew to Greece to make the recordings for the programme, which he narrated himself, is an artist in documentary. In other words, he mediated between us and the brute disaster. We knew the level we were on from the beginning, with Mr. Gilliam's announcement that what the unfortunate islanders needed now were tents, thousands of tents within the next fortnight. The stress throughout was on action, from the account, in his own words, of the initial rescue work by a young English painter whose boat chanced to be in the harbour of one of the islands when the first shocks shook it, to the rendering of the large-scale naval operation the work of rescue speedily became; and the programme ended as it had begun, with the call for tents, admirably made by a London Greek who had returned to the islands for a holiday. We were not at the high tragic level, and with such a disaster, lacking a script-writer of the calibre of the author of the Book of Job, how could we have been? But we were at something like the heroic, the modern communal heroic, and we were there because of the sense of responsibility, the sense of the awfulness of the occasion, together with the technical skill, that Mr. Gilliam brought to his subject. I don't think the B.B.C. has ever done anything better of its kind than *Earthquake in Greece*.

Greece—another Greece, in an earlier heroic vein—we met in Mr. Patric Dickinson's verse-play *The Death of Hector*. This seemed to me perhaps the most successful of Mr. Dickinson's experiments in the form. The finely austere verse moved dramatically, and the medium of radio was subtly and surely exploited. Miss Mary Wimbush's Cassandra was impressively played, and the music of Mr. James Bernard was dramatically most effective.

But Mr. Dickinson is an old hand at radio, and what one is always looking for is the new. Hence one's first interest in Mr. Emyr Humphreys's *The Last Days of Penry*, for Mr. Humphreys is one of the ablest and most promising of our younger novelists. His dramatic feature was, as writing, excellent, and, as a piece of radio most assured. It was not, I felt, entirely successful, for I did not feel the central character, Penry, a Welsh Puritan executed on a faked charge during the reign of Elizabeth I, came alive. But the other characters were very vividly done, and one was aware all the time of a naturally creative mind at work, and also of an ambitiousness for which this programme seemed a trial flight. Mr. Humphreys, in other words, is exactly the sort of writer one would expect the B.B.C. to cherish. Possibly he has no great wish to write for broadcasting; but it was disconcerting to read in the *Radio Times* of his programme that it was a revised version of "the programme originally broadcast in the Welsh Home Service on May 14, 1948." Five years to wait for performance in the Third: is it exactly the way to encourage authors to write for broadcasting?

WILLIAM SALTER

### The Virtuosi di Roma, in the Festival Hall

*Vivat Vivaldi!* The cry goes up from Stuttgart and Vienna, from Rome and Venice, from busy little recording studios all over two continents. Vivaldi is in fashion, and there is a store of 447 concertos to rummage in. The remarkable thing is that scarcely one of the concertos one hears is without its surprises: a rhythmic twist, a melting phrase that might have come from a Mozart slow movement, or a dramatic stroke of harmony. Vivaldi could write vivid programme music, describing a storm at sea, a wintry landscape, or simply the joy of life ("Il Piacere"). But he could also write—between the surprises—page on indistinguishable page of chugging spinning-jenny stuff, mercilessly boring. Not even the brilliant advocacy of the Virtuosi di Roma can make all his music exciting. But last Sunday they offered two masterpieces: "Il Riposo," an E major violin concerto with muted strings, hushed, caressing, and delicately figured; and a B flat concerto for violin and cello, No. 388 in Pincherle's catalogue, whose slow movement is a treasure of melodic beauty. These Virtuosi, deservedly so-named, are a band of eleven strings, oboe, and harpsichord. They play with breathtaking precision and flawless intonation; they respond to phrases with a subtlety which string quartets might envy, yet remain truly orchestral in style. Renato Fasano, their founder and conductor, has created a perfect instrument for interpreting Vivaldi: in London, as in Edinburgh, audiences have been startled by their excellence. Two other concertos in the programme had the Haydnesque vitality which distinguishes much of Vivaldi's music; the other four produced but intermittent evidence of his virile invention. A.P.

### "The Lady in the Ice," at the Stoll

The point about this ballet, before you go to see it, is that the story and decor are by Orson Welles; the point about it afterwards is that as a work of art it is a failure. A young man releases a young lady at the fair from a block of ice, but the enraged crowd drags him away from her, and when she finally pulls up the curtain the young man has replaced her in the block. On the programme Mr. Welles explains, "This is a kind of parable, showing that two people are never in love with each other to the same degree at the same time." On the stage a barker makes a big speech explaining how we are all trapped between the great ice ages, past and future. From this it may be gathered that the ballet plunges into a sea of signs and symbols, but I think they are too complicated to be expressed in so short a work and with such dim lighting. There is, certainly, a sinister strangeness about the scene as the black-clad figures rush among the brown curtains, that are painted with copies of the cave-drawn mammoth and bison. The chief trouble is that Roland Petit's choreography lacks interest; though it is not so surprising that he should begin to run short of ideas, since he has provided

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the choreography for all the present repertoire of the Ballets de Paris save one. This is *La Perle* by Victor Gsovsky, a Japanese love fantasy, designed in a series of separate solos and ensembles that are in no way linked together. The scenery by Zao-Wou-Ki is charming, but otherwise I could find nothing to keep me from jerking in and out of sleep.

A. F.

# Correspondence

## MR. PRIESTLEY'S WILDERNESS

SIR,—Mr. Priestley, one of the architects of the electoral victory of 1945, now looks at what is partly his own handiwork and finds it wanting. He must not imagine that he is unique in this—we all have our moods—or that those who continue unrepentantly in their Socialist courses are blissfully ignorant of the spiritual blight that has descended on the English since the worst of their social problems were solved.

The dream has faded. But I must remind Mr. Priestley that many on the Left never shared his naive illusions of 1945 and cannot, therefore, be expected to pay much attention to his current cry from the wilderness. It was publicists like Priestley who talked and wrote of "new worlds" and "new ways of life." Sober realists knew quite well that, once the cancer of Nazism had been surgically removed, the world would slip back into its old attitudes, and that any progress made would be measured in millimetres not miles. For humanity, as the whole of recorded history proves, does not relish the heights and rarely stays on them for long.

Socialism is not a new way of life. It is a change in our economic relationships which makes a new way of life *possible*. If that had been clearly understood eight years ago, there would be less confusion today. A new way of life has to grow like a coral reef, which means it is rarely visible to the observer until it breaks the surface. And there *have* been changes in industrial relations, most of them brought about by the relentless pressure of the much-maligned trade unions. The quality of life in many industries today has improved; and it is only a matter of time before that quality makes itself felt in the worker's individual life. It is true that large numbers of working-class families have been lifted into the ranks of the lower-middle class and have tended to acquire the vices rather than the virtues of that class. Aneurin Bevan himself pointed this out in 1949, when he told the Labour Party conference that many workers had received benefits out of all proportion to their moral stature. But hasn't this happened before? Did not the culture-forming class make exactly the same comments when the bourgeoisie was moving to the threshold of power?

It is a pity that only a vast extension of State power can give us proper control of the economy. It is equally a pity that many diseases can be treated only surgically. Politicians, like medical men, must use the means to hand. The job of the democratic Socialist is to accept the inevitable extension of the State's functions whilst aiming at the development (slightly to misuse the Galbraithian terminology) of countervailing power. Snivelling about the growth of the State will neither halt that growth nor solve the problems that it presents.

As for the quality of individual life in Britain today, I could accept that as a telling argument against Labour legislation if this were the only country seemingly inhabited by apathetic morons. But it is not. Do not the American masses display the same characteristics as the British? And is this not something to do with the too-rapid development of mass communication media rather than with social systems as such?

The myth of the infallible common man is no part of Socialism, properly understood. That this myth is now dissolving before our eyes does not invalidate Socialism. It rather demands a clear recognition from Socialists that the sentimental accretions we picked up in our day-to-day struggles against specific injustices must now be pared away. In a Socialist society, as the Soviet Union, albeit in a distorted form, has demonstrated, the powers of individual managers, together with the penalties for failure to use those powers properly, must be increased, not reduced. Once we have brought the economy under control, we will need once again the old-style rugged individualist, the initiator, the experimenter, the man who grabbed his place in the sun. Within the framework of a planned economy such a man can do no harm. As far as I am aware, only Mr. Gordon-Walker, in his *Re-statement of Liberty*, has tried to liberate us from the illusion that a character-type that causes harm in one social context must be equally harmful in another.

I am not suggesting that a new creed of Socialist individualism will solve all the problems posed by Mr. Priestley. But if we can get some accurate maps in the chartroom, we will certainly get the old boat on some sort of course. And, in any case, the luxury of a personal lifeboat is denied to most of us.

RAYMOND FLETCHER

SIR,—Life is beastly,
Says J. B. Priestley,
But is his invective
Objective?

JOHN VEALE

## MR. MURUMBI

SIR,—I addressed the following letter to the editor of *The Times* on August 29.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Dear Sir,

In Saturday's issue you published a despatch from your Cairo correspondent reporting that the British Embassy had protested against the granting of interviews by General Neguib and his colleagues to Mr. Josef Murumbi. I was astonished to see that you headed this report "British Complaint to Egypt; Mau Mau Emissary Received" and that Mr. Robert Hankey, the Charge d'Affaires at the Embassy, stated that Mr. Murumbi was "variously described as Vice-President of the African Union, an illegal organisation, and as a representative of the Mau Mau movement in Kenya."

Mr. Murumbi was the acting-Secretary of the Kenya African Union before its dissolution by the Kenya Government, but so far as I am aware there has never been any suggestion in official circles that he has been a representative of Mau Mau or its emissary. Mr. Leslie Hale, M.P., and I met him in Nairobi last November and were impressed by his reasonable and constructive approach to the problems of the Colony. He took the initiative in distributing among Africans a statement which Mr. Hale and I prepared denouncing Mau Mau and warning against violence and race hatred. He was critical of the methods which the Government was adopting to suppress Mau Mau, but he sought a solution along lines of political, social and economic advance. He is a Christian and of mixed Masai and Goan race.

Mr. Hankey appears to have accepted a description of Mr. Murumbi which appeared in an Egyptian paper. That is surely inadequate ground for an official protest. Mr. Murumbi will shortly be coming to this country. It will be unfortunate if his visit is prejudiced by misrepresentation of his attitude.

(Signed) FENNER BROCKWAY
(M.P. for Eton and Slough.)

This letter has not been published. Mr. Murumbi has now arrived in this country and it is very desirable that there should not be a wrong impression of his status and attitude. I should therefore be grateful if you would print this letter. Mr. Murumbi will be speaking at the "Set Africa Free" Conference to be held in the Beaver Hall, London, on September 26 and 27.

FENNER BROCKWAY.

## POLICY IN KENYA

SIR,—It is becoming increasingly common for British Colonial Governments to get rid of unwelcome critics by simply declaring them "prohibited immigrants" and then ordering them to leave. The Kenya authorities have found new use for this technique. They have recently resorted to it for the purpose of hindering the ordinary judicial processes in the courts of the colony.

Some of Her Majesty's African subjects have recently begun a civil suit in the Supreme Court in Nairobi, to challenge the action of the Government in closing 180 African independent schools under Emergency Powers, and have retained the professional services of a member of the English Bar as a counsel in the suit. The Kenya authorities have now intervened to deprive the plaintiffs of their counsel by declaring him a prohibited immigrant and refusing him a permit to enter the colony.

We must not comment on the merits of a case which is *sub judice*, but we can say enough to show that the action of the Kenya Government in excluding our counsel from the colony cannot but be a deliberate attempt to interfere with our right to conduct our case in the way we think best.


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In March, 1953, representatives of the closed schools obtained the services of the English barrister to whom I have referred and he went to Nairobi to confer with and advise them. The civil suit was commenced on April 13, 1953, as a result of the advice he gave. Before he left for London on April 14, the English counsel informed the Principal Immigration Officer that he would wish to return to Kenya from time to time to do professional work in connection with the suit, and would be required to appear in court.

On May 6, our counsel applied to the East Africa Office in London for a permit to return to Kenya for the purposes of the suit, and was then informed that he had been "deemed a prohibited immigrant."

If one asks why the authorities have taken this course, the answer may be found in the fact that the contentions put forward in the suit are:

1. That the Emergency Regulations themselves are illegal;

2. That in making the Orders closing the African schools the Member for Education has wrongly applied the particular Regulation under which he acted; and

3. That the Member has not acted *bona fide* or honestly.

This action of the Kenya Government makes a mockery of British justice in the eyes of Kenya Africans. What is the use of the rule of the English Bar (described in a recent leading article in *The Times* as "fundamental") that a lawyer must always be ready to take up the cause of any client who asks his help, if clients are prevented from the exercise of their free choice by such arbitrary interference by the Executive?

SAMUEL NJANGA MUTHUGU
EDWARD KABI MBOCHI
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SIR,—Surely Mr. Rex is right in his criticisms of the policy statement put out by the European Elected Members' organisation in Kenya. As they stand, the nine points may sound inoffensive, but they have been amplified by Mr. Michael Blundell in a speech to a delegate conference of the Electors' Union (reported in *East Africa and Rhodesia* on September 3). In that speech Mr. Blundell suggested that the whole question of land tenure in the Highlands should be transferred to the County Councils and went on "We also believe that *the terms and conditions of entry and employment in the Highlands* (my italics) should rest with the people who have security in the Highlands,"—i.e., the Europeans. In other words, the whole economy of the Highlands is to be controlled by Europeans functioning on local government bodies and as employers. No wonder Mr. Blundell believes that the responsibility for solving the problems of Kenya should be placed on the shoulders of the elected Members. Any proposal for the extension of the political privileges of the European community should be opposed; otherwise White supremacy will be established as a permanency in that country.

MARJORIE NICHOLSON

187a Maida Vale, London, W.9.

## CONFERENCE TACTICS

SIR,—In last week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Critic makes the appalling statement that the platform at the Labour Party Conference has "used devices to trick or steam-roller the rank-and-file that it would certainly not have liked the ordinary voter to observe." No attempt is made to justify this allegation in any way. Your readers are, therefore, left to assume that delegates to the Labour Party Conference are so supine and gullible that they do not know when they are being tricked.

Really, Mr. Critic, you ought to know better unless, of course, your chief purpose is to discredit the Labour Party.

MORGAN PHILLIPS,
*Secretary*

The Labour Party.

[Critic refers to this letter in the London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—While I do not wish to suggest that the plan for building a new National Theatre on the South Bank should be dropped, Mr. Wolfit's proposal that Drury Lane should be bought is worth considering.

The problem is that Drury Lane has an established record of musical play successes that since 1946 have paid the Chancellor of the Exchequer entertainment duty to the extent of £50,000 or so a year. If means could be found to wrest the theatre from its present owners and convert it into a National Theatre, the immediate effect would be to cap the cost of purchase and of running with a loss of £50,000 tax which would not be recovered until another similar theatre was built and got going successfully. (A National Theatre would be non-profitmaking and therefore tax-exempt.)

Why look to Drury Lane—when the nation through the L.C.C. already owns a large theatre, rebuilt since Drury Lane was rebuilt, and with a long tradition of great and popular theatre?

The L.C.C. bought the Lyceum site for £500,000 or more in 1939 and closed the theatre for a replanning scheme involving a new Northern approach to Waterloo Bridge. This scheme is listed in the second phase of the County Development plan as not starting before 1961. As it is the most expensive of all the traffic improvement schemes, costing over £4m and involving the destruction of blocks of modern buildings, it is doubtful if it will be started for years after 1961.

The Lyceum, to the disgust of many theatre people, was let by the L.C.C. in 1945 for use as a dance hall, although they had substantial offers for its use as a theatre. The lease was for three years from 1945; if renewals have been for three years it is due for consideration in 1954. As all theatre building is still likely to be held up for a bit, cannot the L.C.C. hand the Lyceum over to the Arts Council rent free for at least seven years, with a loan jointly to the Arts Council and to the National Theatre Council, to re-fit the building? With intelligent planning—the seating, lighting fittings and most of the stage apparatus, could be designed so that they could be transferred to the new building when it is built.

Neither Drury Lane nor the Lyceum are big enough to house all the workshops and stores, school and rehearsal rooms that a real National Theatre needs. For that matter the present Old Vic building is even more inadequate. The L.C.C. owns the whole block whereon the Lyceum stands, and the dressing rooms could at some point be rebuilt to provide in a multi-storey section a lot more accommodation. Meantime temporary buildings could be erected on the South Bank site.

By such a scheme the National Theatre could be opened for a capital cost of £100,000 or so, in a location that has a powerful theatre tradition and is sufficiently close to be integrated into the present Old Vic set-up.

ANDREW CAMPBELL

56 Belsize Park, London, N.W.3.

## MR. TAYLOR AND THE THING

SIR,—The hundred and one paradoxes and provocations in Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's discussion of William Cobbett ("Books in General," August 29) were not, I suppose, seriously intended, or, if they were, they were intended as a revelation of the charm of Mr. Taylor's own casual historical fantasy rather than as a contribution to the understanding of Cobbett or of his times.

Mr. Taylor writes, with a delicious savour of guilt, "There is nothing more agreeable in life than to make peace with the Establishment—and nothing more corrupting . . ." Mr. Taylor's guilt is then unloaded, by a process of subjective imputation, on to Cobbett's back: "William Cobbett . . . hated the Establishment—the Thing . . ." but—"The Thing gets hold of you, even if you kick against it; indeed the Thing shows its greatest skill in rewarding its opponents. Cobbett became a respected and admired character even in his lifetime. Hazlitt canonised him . . . he ended as a Member of Parliament, put in by a wealthy radical mill-owner." The clear implication is that Cobbett "sold out."

Whom did Cobbett sell out to? To Hazlitt? But *where* did Hazlitt "canonise" him? Hardly in *Table Talk!* And was Hazlitt really a mouthpiece of the Thing? Extraordinary! Or to the "wealthy radical mill-owner"—a phrase which disguises John Fielden, author of *The Curse of the Factory System*, advocate of the General Strike to enforce a universal 48-hour week, and the man who openly defied the New Poor Law and forcibly resisted its introduction into Todmorden? Well, perhaps he did, since he wrote within six weeks of his death: "Having got Parliamentary reform, in name, at any rate, my resentment was becoming blunted. But, the Poor-Law Bill I could not stomach! That revived all that was dying in my breast . . ." Even so, how was he "put in" to Parliament by John Fielden? Was Oldham a pocket borough? It seems that there was a contested election—in which both Whig and Tory upholders of the Thing were routed. If Mr. Taylor has facts to reveal that Fielden—who lost the seat in 1847 for his Chartist and 10-Hour activities—bought it in 1832, he should make them public. And, anyway, was the Thing quite such a metaphysical concept as Mr. Taylor implies?

If Mr. Taylor wanted to provoke some simpleton into asking these humourless questions (and, by the way, does he *really* mean that *Rural Rides* is a town-dweller's view of the country?), then I have fallen into his trap and must expect to take my punishment. But Mr. Taylor should beware of the trap which he is digging for himself. Another implication of his article is: "If even William Cobbett sold out to the Thing in the end, why should *we* feel guilt when we sense its corruption all around us?" By way of answer, perhaps I may be allowed to employ the form of the conclusion to one of Cobbett's own letters:

"Now, Mr. Taylor, I care little whether you reflect on these things, or not. I know well *what is coming*; and if I have put your name at the head of this Letter, it has not been to reason with you, but merely to *point you out*."

E. P. THOMPSON

Holly Bank, Whitegate, Halifax.

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# Books in General

NOTORIOUSLY the British believe their institutions the best in the world. Mr. Hugh Cudlipp, editorial director of the *Daily Mirror*, assumes that it is the best (and biggest) daily in the world. Lord Simon, from 1947 to 1952 Chairman of the B.B.C., is equally convinced that the B.B.C. is the best radio station in the world and can find little to criticise in its constitution or policy. Yet these rival means of "mass communication"—organs of publicity, propaganda, information and entertainment—are based on opposite principles. Not merely opposite but violently hostile principles. Hugh Cudlipp believes in competition, big profits and giving the public what it wants—or, more truthfully, what it will most readily buy. Lord Simon believes, as Lord Reith who built the B.B.C. tradition uncompromisingly believed, in giving the public what is good for it. No antagonism could be more explicit. Both sides have a great deal to say for themselves and say it characteristically.* Lord Simon is business-like, orderly and correct. His style wears pin-striped trousers. Cudlipp writes like the *Daily Mirror*. His is an advertising style, blatant, brash and spasmodically brilliant.

As a woman's paper, founded in 1903 to provide "slush for the vacant female population," the *Daily Mirror* was a failure. When vacant men were included it became a success. It was not, however, till the Thirties, after a regrettable Rothermere episode, that Bartholomew discovered the formula which has given it the largest daily circulation in the world. Sex and crime, the best daily sellers, are combined with an indelicate radicalism. Hugh Cudlipp does not object to the charge of sensationalism. On the contrary, he boasts of it. Girls have legs; why pretend that people don't like looking at them? Everyone is interested in murder. Why not get the last ounce out of the Christie case? Whereas other papers with a large working-class readership try quite unsuccessfully to persuade advertisers that their readers are the sort of people who buy expensive motor cars and West End clothes, Cudlipp constantly emphasises that the *Daily Mirror* is read by working-class people and despises the middle-class snobbery of rival newspapers. He describes with immense gusto the unhappy saga of the *Sketch* which effectively advertised the *Mirror* by protesting on the outside of the bus that it printed "all the news that is fit to print," when it was followed by another bus which told the world that the *Mirror* was full of all the news that was not fit to print. Which is, of course, exactly what people want to buy. The *Mirror's* distinction in fact is not so much that its politics are radical, Labour or Socialist, but that its entire tone and accent belongs to the factory and public house and kitchen. When at Dunkirk other papers were talking about miracles and the Hand of God and the rest of it, the *Mirror's* headline was "Bloody Marvellous!"

Under Harry Bartholomew, who was never its proprietor, since the *Mirror* had no proprietor but only a lot of mainly anonymous shareholders, the *Mirror* discovered that all subjects are sensational if sensationally treated. It flourished as popular papers did in the great days of American muck-raking. Righteousness and good business went hand in hand when it came to protesting against the evils of English slums or American lynching, provided that the stories and photographs of the slums and slum-dwellers were sufficiently harrowing and the protest against lynching could include a quite ghastly picture of the victim hanging by the neck surrounded by a gloating crowd. Precisely the same considerations applied to politics. Those who were responsible for the *Mirror* genuinely hated Fascism; they also found that it paid to tell their readers just what a bastard Hitler was. When the rest of us were finding reasons why Chamberlain should leave off appeasing Hitler, the *Mirror* cut the cackle and gave us a photograph of Hitler on the model of the usual police notices and asked for the capture of a criminal "alive or dead." Inevitably, it did much to rally working-class opinion behind Churchill. Winston thereafter made the mistake of thinking that the *Mirror* not only wanted him as wartime Premier but also the Toryism that went with him. On the contrary, when Chamberlain had gone, the *Mirror's* criticism turned against Churchill because he appeared to want victory for that conservative England against which it had been campaigning.

Hugh Cudlipp has been permitted to reproduce the detailed stories of the *Mirror's* quarrel with the Churchill coalition. Cecil King went to see the Prime Minister when he complained that the *Mirror's* criticism of the Government's muddles was really a disguised "fifth-columnism." When it pretended to be fighting for efficiency it really intended, the Cabinet thought, to undermine the necessary confidence between public and government in war time. Mr. King's memo of his interview with Churchill is of real historical interest; so, too, is Cudlipp's account of the battle with Herbert Morrison when the *Mirror* was "warned." When the Government began its attack on the *Mirror* it may not have realised the dangers of its course; by that time there was not an Army mess where the question whether Jane had her clothes on or not was not the first object of interest at breakfast time, nor a factory where men were not learning the habit of looking to the *Mirror* to find some expression of their grievances. In short, before the war, during the war and in the Election of 1945, when Mr. Churchill thought that the *Mirror* had deserted him, it was in fact merely being consistent with its own radicalism. Criticism of the old regime, exposure of ancient grievances, support for the programme of Labour and an anti-appeasement foreign policy were all good selling propositions and natural allies of a sexy attitude towards sex and a morbid interest in murder. Hugh Cudlipp assumes that this is a permanent alliance of interests. He does not face the possibility of a perfectly possible reaction, one in which the masses would still want sex and crime, but might begin to listen to a leader who was anti-Labour and anti-Socialist. What would the *Mirror* do then?

J. A. Spender once called upon the proprietor of a great newspaper trust to protest that his foreign policy was dangerous. The proprietor sent for the circulation records. "You can see for yourself. It's not dangerous at all," he told Spender. "Our circulation has been going steadily up ever since we adopted this line." It had just never occured to him that there could be any test of a good and bad policy except its effect on sales. I was reminded of this when I read this sentence by Mr. Cudlipp: "No newspaper can succeed without men in charge who *instinctively* know what is right, who can assess the temper of public opinion without moving from their desks."

What is "right"? The phrase is the text for Lord Simon's book. Like the Webbs, from whom Lord Simon learnt so much, he is sure that the job of the responsible, educated ruling class is to know what is right and lead the irresponsible masses to it. There must be "superior people" in society; either they will be exploiters of popular tastes, money-makers whose policy will veer with every passing wind or they will be the trained leaders with fixed salaries, with no temptation to be untruthful or popular, yet responsive to the permanent desires of the public and accountable in all respects to the informed criticism and ultimate control of Parliament. Thus he is not afraid of the charge of monopoly, if the monopolists are public servants and their institutions are public service corporations. He does not disguise that any such conception involves a decision by somebody that certain axioms, themselves part of the traditions of the country, should be regarded as outside the legitimate range of free controversy. Thus on all matters of party politics the B.B.C. must maintain a precise balance between the mildly Right and the ever so mildly Left.

About its attitude towards the accepted ethics of our time, towards religion and the Royal Family, the B.B.C. pretends no impartiality. These, I take it Lord Simon would say, are the cement which binds society together, and if some of us object to the almost ludicrous adulation of the Royal Family and to the cowardly and ruthless suppression of rationalist opinion (which is, after all, more representative than any religious opinion in this country), then I presume that his answer would be that we have the right to agitate for a modification of B.B.C. policy through other means of mass communication and through the various channels which the B.B.C. recognises as representative of groups of organised listeners. If one adds that in fact the B.B.C. is not impartial even in politics because it assumes in every broadcast the permanence of institutions which Socialists believe to be out of date, the answer presumably is that the B.B.C. is susceptible to criticism from Left as well as Right.

All this is convincing until we are confronted with the issue of television which may prove so powerful that it is likely to exercise a political influence greater than that of all the Press and of other means of mass communication put together. Naturally, commercially-minded people hate to lose the chance of making great fortunes out of public curiosity, while individualists who fear monopolies of all

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* *Publish and be Damned!* By HUGH CUDLIPP. *Dakers.* 12s. 6d.

*The B.B.C. From Within.* By LORD SIMON OF WYTHENSHAWE. *Gollancz.* 16s.

kinds say that what was just tolerable in sound radio carries with it all the dangers of totalitarianism when applied to television.

Lord Simon, the most interesting part of whose book is his report on his six-weeks' study of television in America, can imagine no reason why sponsored radio here should not produce the same evils that all American critics ascribe to U.S. television. If the advertiser pays the piper he is likely to call the tune whether the programme is openly and unashamedly of his own choosing or if it masquerades, as the present Government apparently suggests, as a mere interlude between items freely chosen by a broadcasting company. Lord Simon admits, of course, that the N.B.C. has scored a great prestige hit by inviting Toscanini to conduct what is admittedly one of the best orchestras in the world, but he scores heavily when he quotes figures to show that the ordinary American is offered less good music or civilised entertainment on the many wavelengths at his disposal than is offered to the British B.B.C. listener.

Educated Americans agree about the frightful record of children's entertainment in America against which their protests seem quite unavailing. If it is said that honest and outspoken comments can be heard on American wavelengths in spite of the commercial greed of the sponsors who have paid the commentators, Lord Simon has ready in reply statistics which show that Walter Winchell's scabrous gossip is four times as popular as that of any other commentator, and that the few serious political programmes are difficult to get in most parts of the U.S., and mainly at times when listener interest is low.

There you have it. Mr. Cudlipp claims that free enterprise gives some critical outlet; the *Mirror* group and the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION still exist and are financially stable in the midst of a competitive world. Lord Simon replies that free criticism and high standards of thought, criticism and entertainment are better guaranteed by a responsible and democratically controlled monopoly than by a commercialised system in which, after all, all the power may easily fall into the hands of one group of big business dictators. It would accord with Britain's usual common-sense compromise if the results were to maintain a B.B.C. monopoly in public hands and a commercially owned Press whose interests are opposite to those of the B.B.C. The results will be that the Press will be affected by the standards set up by the B.B.C. and the danger of B.B.C. dictatorship will be lessened by the fury of Hugh Cudlipp.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

## CAT-GODDESSES

A perverse habit of cat-goddesses—
Even the blackest of them, black as coals
Save for a new moon blazing on each breast,
With coral tongues and beryl eyes like lamps,
Long-legged, pacing three by three in nines—
This obstinate habit is to yield themselves,
In verisimilar love-ecstasies,
To tatter-eared and slinking alley-toms
No less below the common run of cats
Than they above it; which they do for spite,
To provoke jealousy—not the least abashed
By such gross-headed, rabbit-coloured litters
As soon they shall be happy to desert.

ROBERT GRAVES

## HEIR TO BENTHAM

**John Stuart Mill.** By KARL BRITTON. *Penguin Books. 2s.*

John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography* is rightly regarded as one of the most effective keys to the understanding of the nineteenth century. For in his life Mill exemplifies in almost schematic form—with some of the simplicity of a diagram, one might say—the various conflicting aims, convictions, intimations that go so far to determine the spirit of that age. Brought up in the simple, rigorous orthodoxy of the Benthamite circle, from the age of three the patient subject of one of the most extraordinary educational experiments ever performed, on the edge of manhood he began to struggle against the intellectual mould in which he had been cast. The picture of man as explicable entirely in quasi-mechanical terms—the side of will and the emotions to be accounted for solely by reference to the forces of pleasure and pain, the side of reason and the intellect solely by reference to the Laws of Association—came to dissatisfy him, as a gross distortion of the facts; and in consequence, the vast naturalistic theories of ethics and politics of which he had been the youthful dedicated neophyte, theories which claimed no other sanction, no other source of validity, but this narrow theory of the human mind, now weighed on him like an incubus. The terms in which he expressed his terrible sense of disillusion are aptly quoted by Professor Britton:

> In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realised; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No!" At this my heart sank within me: the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down.

As we know, Mill found temporary consolation in the study of Romantic philosophy and literature: both in the German originals and in their English adherents. The simple psychology of the Utilitarians was supplemented by a broader estimate of the human mind and also by a more tolerant attitude towards those vast forces external to the mind that shape and inform it. It was to the Imagination and to History that Mill appealed to correct what he regarded as his distorted vision of the world. And in doing this, he gave to this crisis in his life a wider significance. For what he thought and felt at this time is, in effect, the whole substance of the appeal lodged by the nineteenth century against the verdict of the eighteenth.

Ultimately, victory lay with the early, the formative influences in Mill's life. He remained, in effect, the child of the eighteenth century: not, of course, of the eighteenth century as it had manifested itself in England, but of the European eighteenth century, of that critical, irreverent, materialistic movement known as the Enlightenment. Mill, in the course of time, developed a more complex view of human nature than the crude hedonism of his predecessors. But the point is that he employed it in much the same sort of way. From his psychological theories he tried to derive—as they did from theirs—a scientific criterion of what was right and wrong in private and in social life. And, having once found what he took to be such a criterion, he—like they—applied it quite coolly, quite ruthlessly to every institution, to every belief, to every habit and custom that has ever obtained any hold over the human mind, allowing nothing to escape merely on grounds of its age, its popular acceptance or its reputed sanctity, from the scrutiny of his systematic irreverence.

Even philosophy and logic—subjects we associate peculiarly with Mill—were in his eyes the mere handmaids of the critical spirit. Their main purpose was to track down and to dispose of those various forms of obscurantism, of metaphysics that in all ages are exploited by conservatives and reactionaries to deceive others

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and to protect themselves. In connection with his attack on Sir William Hamilton, the Scottish metaphysician, Mill wrote :

> Now, the difference between these two schools of philosophy, that of Intuition, and that of Experience and Association, is not a mere matter of abstract speculation ; it is full of practical consequences, and lies at the foundation of all the greatest differences of practical opinion in an age of progress.

If Mill's philosophy was the continuation of the philosophy of Berkeley and Hume, it was carried out in the spirit of Helvétius and Voltaire.

From all this, it follows that any critical study of Mill must recognise that he was not merely an interesting philosopher but also an important figure in the history of ideas. And in this respect, Professor Britton's book is admirable. There are, of course, points of detail on which it can be criticised. Perhaps Mill's intellectual background is presented in too provincial a manner, with insufficient emphasis on his European ties. The section that deals with Mill's famous Canons of Inductive Inference is not altogether clear, and the chapter on his epistemology is somewhat breathless. But these are expressly criticisms of detail. Taken as a whole, this book, like its companions in this new and admirable Pelican Philosophy Series, fills most suitably and compendiously a gap in the general literature of philosophy.

Professor Britton is perhaps at his best in discussing Mill's theory of politics. Mill is sometimes criticised for his naivety in his defence of representative democracy. But surely this is misguided. Democracy rests on a number of simple beliefs, and it is good to state them simply. For once they are stated simply—and here, perhaps, we have the root of the objection—anyone who disagrees with them, must know that he does, and so must abandon whatever right he ever had to call himself a liberal (or even a Liberal).

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

## M. LE MAIRE

**Introduction to French Local Government.** By BRIAN CHAPMAN. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

I spent several weeks this summer in a very small village near the sea, on an island off the French coast. All the time I was there France was without a government. This clearly gave no one a moment's concern ; life continued very happily without a government, so why worry ? But what did cause a real flutter and much serious discussion, among islanders and visitors from Paris alike, was a new decree of the Conseil Municipal regarding the disposal of refuse. Instead of dumping this on a part of the shore, as their custom was, they were in future, "*sous peine d'amende*," to leave their dustbins, twice a week very early in the morning, at certain indicated spots for communal collection. The new Mayor of the little commune was known to be strict and no one dreamt of flouting the order. The night before the first collection there was a party of some elegance at the summer cottage of one of my French friends. Animated conversation was still in full swing in the small hours when someone remembered the new decree and a cry of "*Les ordures ! Les ordures !*" arose. The party broke up at once as everyone rushed to obey the Mayor.

Most English people who have enjoyed holidays in the French countryside will have been struck by this combination in provincial France of complete apathy towards the activities of the National Assembly and a passionate interest in local politics and affairs. At bottom it springs, I suppose, from the intense individualism of the race which insists upon considering the personal angle as more important than the national good. And though it is partly responsible for the instability of the central government, it is this attitude also no doubt which, in spite of the constant threat of encroachment by the State, has enabled the French to retain that strong system of local government which is so lucidly and concisely described in this short book.

With such a large subject to cover, Mr. Chapman has had to stick to sober exposition most of the time, and allow himself very few enlivening examples—such as the story of the Mayor of Fontaine de Vaucluse (826 inhabitants) who issued an ordinance stating that it was forbidden to carry or make use of the atomic bomb in his commune. But behind his factual account of the system, one is continually aware of the persons who make it work. By far the most important of these are the Prefects of the ninety Departments, whose functions and whose infinitely delicate position Mr. Chapman skilfully analyses. Servant and chief representative of the Minister of the Interior, the Prefect has absolute authority over all the other State officials in his Department, and varied powers of control over the elected local bodies : the Conseil Général of the Department under its President, and the Conseils Municipaux of the Communes under their often intractable Mayors. At the same time he is merely the executive of these elected bodies, who can appeal against him to his own Minister if he interferes unduly in their local affairs. It is infinitely complicated yet somehow infinitely absorbing too ; almost most fascinating of all is the account of how the greater part of the local funds are still raised by means of a local tax based on a state tax on property which ceased to be levied in 1917, and is in consequence still assessed according to the values which then obtained.

Always vividly present, too, behind the account of the system and its officials, are the nature of the country and of the people whose institutions are described. The statement that there are 37,983 Communes in France, each with its Conseil Municipal and Mayor, whether it is a town the size of Marseilles or a mountain hamlet, is dry enough ; but the information that 25,000 of these Communes have less than 500 inhabitants at once conjures up a picture of endless discussions going on in remote villages all over that rich and varied countryside. The passing reference to the fact that the Departments of France are named after rivers and mountain ranges, rather than after their chief towns, again reminds one that, in spite of the existence of the great provincial towns, France remains predominantly a rural and agricultural country.

To attempt to govern centrally so varied a country and so critical if not turbulent a people would clearly be impossible ; and a great part of the interest of Mr. Chapman's book springs from its demonstration that government in France is not highly centralised. This is not only a popular misconception ; it is a view held by many who claim to know the country well.

The second conclusion to be drawn from it will not surprise those who watched with admiration France's recovery from the country-wide devastations of the war : it is that France, though badly governed nationally, is most ably administered locally. This is a fact which is too often forgotten and of which the present book should do much to remind us.

ENID MCLEOD

## NEW NOVELS

**The Time of Indifference.** By ALBERTO MORAVIA. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**A Different Face.** By OLIVIA MANNING. *Heineman n.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Nature of Love.** By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Behold, the City.** By RUSSELL WARREN HOWE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Bride of Llew.** By JULIETTE DE BAIRACLI LEVY. *Faber.* 20*s.*

There is nothing cheerful about these novels. *The Time of Indifference*, which was published in 1929 and now appears for the first time in translation, would have seemed unapproachable in its despondence, if these others had not run it so close. Miss Manning's *A Different Face* outstrips it at some points : lonelier, more hopeless, chilly. Miss Manning makes no effort to add heat to the English climate. Mr. Bates does. It is summer in his three long stories; and he contrives amorous situations that grow from an illusion, which he is adept in conjuring, of buzz and heat and shimmer. The Trieste of Mr. Howe's *Behold the City* is a reasonably cold spot; an Englishman feels pretty well at home there. But it is Signor Moravia who has the advantage in this matter of climate. *The Time of Indifference* is hot to the touch. Its Roman villa sizzles : the velvet curtains, the piping food, the highly-seasoned lechery—they prickle.

In Signor Moravia's writing the energy is supple and beautiful. It can spring or relax. In this novel it has poignant play, because his subject is the unhappiness of youth—a brother and sister whose family life is so persistently squalid and hypocritical that it has lamed their natures. The youthful energies of Carla and Michele flow, not into their own growth, but into the fungus of depression that rots it. But they do still flow. The unlucky pair talk, think, plan, dance, make love with undiminishable appetite. Carla plays tennis. They are self-destructive, murderous, done for. The arguments of youth with its own misery, its lamed effort to be grown-up and whole, are enhanced by the attribution to them here of a tireless energy. The couple rush upon moral suicide, but this is not fatigue; it is the fiercest protest, the supreme expression of desire for life.

It may be further to Moravia's credit, that the originality of *The Time of Indifference* seems to be an effect of his energy rather than of fine perception. But I am not certain of this. The sluttish older women and the business men, half-wolf, half-shark, who prey on them, receive as sure a touch as the brother and sister. They represent a stratum of citified commerce, a belt of that unrespectable, unaffectionate business class, which is conspicuous in peasant countries and peculiarly odious. Something more than a sure touch seems to be needed.

> Going through into the bathroom, he washed and shaved with the minutest care, then went back into the bedroom and started to dress. Clothes, suits of the finest quality, gave him immense pleasure; and the wearing of such clothes was one of his favourite hobbies. He now put on a white silk shirt and a black and silver tie, socks of red and grey wool, and finally, not without considerable contortions, a suit of blue herring-bone cloth of truly remarkable cut; then he stood admiring himself in the wardrobe mirror . . .

Of course this is ironical, but Moravia's irony seems to slip on too easily. So does his seriousness. They are quickly interchangeable and elegant, like those slick city suits. Moravia does not admire these suits, but it is not clear whether he thinks that there are any other sort. An English reader to whom this doubt occurs may find himself shrinking from *The Time of Indifference*, not quite sure whether its powerful flavour of tragedy is authentic, or just the effect of a powerful seasoning rubbed round and round the bowl. The brilliant energy is authentic; and a calmer, more profound element of criticism would have dignified it. In his mature novels Moravia tries to get this poise by sheer stylish control; but it is more a matter of perception, perhaps of vision.

"You might have been quite a different person, differently treated," says Tilly in *A Different Face* to its unsatisfactory hero, Hugo Fletcher. Tilly, a charming girl, is one of those Anima women such as no one less intent on self-destruction than a Hugo Fletcher could possibly have got rid of; and he does get rid of her, by forcing her into the arms of a rich boy in the unpleasant sea-port resort of Coldmouth, where he himself is a poor, despised boy. Hugo's misery is Miss Manning's subject, and I doubt whether, in an age of unhappy novels, there has been any whose misery is more concentrated, more unrelieved than this.

> It was then he discovered how a memory could become monstrous and break up through the mind like a black, uprisen shoulder to overthrow the structure of one's self-control.

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characteristic of the quality of Miss Manning's writing; in quality she excels, and it here carries her very far, but not quite the whole way. She has all the power to appraise a background, to give it its due, that Moravia lacks. Her "Coldmouth," with its self-important solicitors, dreary public houses, garish cafés, and dreaded east wind, is shudderingly true. Here Hugo has been humiliated; here he returns, after an illusory spell of freedom in Egypt, to conquer his old insecurity. He has invested his savings in a private school, a broken reed as it turns out, broken by thefts and disreputable friendships.

> "Do you imagine I'm still kidding myself a glorious future lies ahead? I'm at the age when life begins to show results. If the results aren't what you hoped for, it's just too bad. It's too late to start again."

Too late: the headmaster's wife, a failed actress, speaks for everybody here. At the end Hugo, stumbling upon the dead body of the headmaster's son who had embezzled his investment, is alleged to be thereby liberated from his memories. The money is with the body; he leaves it, and sets off for London with 16s. It is certain, however, that he will not make good. For Miss Manning has never suggested even a flicker of vital energy, to make us believe. It is the exact and exquisite style that compels admiration.

*The Nature of Love* is dedicated to Mr. Somerset Maugham. These three longish tales have some of Mr. Maugham's breadth and urbane sobriety, without forfeit of their author's own gifts of scenic and amorous colour. The notion that a Kinsey-like, on the psychological side, inquiry into the "nature of love" connects all three of them may have been an afterthought; as a notion it seems slightly artificial, even cinematic. There is sometimes a feeling of cinema in Mr. Bates's most cunning effects. I do not mean anything bad exactly. There are intense thrills, painful and tear-cursing situations—here are men and women suddenly caught by love, caught on the wrong foot, unable either to deny or, having admitted, to succeed. In the cinema nobody ever has trouble starting the engine of a car. Whoosh! they're off. Nobody on the verge of making love gets into an awkward physical posture, or finds his partner in one. Skies are blue, grass banks don't tickle when you sit down; if you have to shelter from rain, ten to one there is a deserted cottage to hand, and somebody will have left a bed in it or at least a bearskin rug. It sometimes seems like that with Mr. Bates. But the best of these stories, *The Grass God*, sufficiently triumphs over the convention—and does not fail to hurt.

*Behold the City* tries to hurt, but I think it does fail. Mr. Howe's upper lip is so stiff that it cannot help involuntary trembling, and the reader feels embarrassed for him. He clips off the crooks, smugglers, tarts, police, journalists, and underground politicians of post-war Trieste—is not going to waste sentimental words on them. There they are, stark, enforcing pity. He is impressed by them, and perhaps also by his own ready understanding, as where his foreword tells that the "Free Territory of Trieste . . . became the focal point of European unrest." It was never "the" focal point; it was one of them. The lack of proportion becomes noticeable.

*Behold the City* has talent and perception. It knows all the answers. I am not sure if it knows all the questions; particularly about people, whom Mr. Howe seems to patronise.

There is nothing to say against *The Bride of Llew*, an epical, pathetic story of the love of a scholar gypsy and a rich spinster with a disfiguring birthmark and a beautiful nature. Nothing unkind could be thought about this story, which also takes up many noble causes such as kindness to birds and animals, prison reform, and abolition of capital punishment. The long section in a condemned cell, where the falsely condemned gypsy awaits his terrible punishment, is rhapsodic, moving, and seems appallingly knowledgeable. Nothing can be dispraised unless the fact that Miss Levy throughout ignores, or seems not to care, that a wicked, necessary book called *Cold Comfort Farm* was once written.

GILES ROMILLY

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## A HIGH COURT PHILOSOPHER

**The Changing Law.** By SIR ALFRED DENNING. *Stevens.* 10s.

I have an impression that a growing number of people read the law reports in *The Times*, whether or not the points of law involved have any special interest for them. I think this is partly because everyone likes a seat at the winning-post, and partly because the High Court Judges, especially in their "reserved" or written judgments, have usually been regarded as the true custodians of immaculate English in a changing and slipshod world. Lord Justice Denning's collections of his numerous public lectures, of which this is the best so far, could be used by these Law Report devotees as readers' handbooks. Their English is not immaculate, but they draw all the important and recent judgments together into a philosophical pattern, the true shape or even the existence of which might escape the newspaper reader and would almost certainly be concealed from the litigants.

From this point of view the outstanding lecture in this book is that on "The Rule of Law in the Welfare State." It starts from the 1939 position, when the King could still do no wrong and no one could sue a Government department for damages; follows the long and painful struggle of a few progressive jurists—Haldane, Jowitt, Simonds—to get the Crown Proceedings Bill on to the Statute Book in 1947; and then shows the Government—and the nationalised industries—coming into the Courts as ordinary defendants, in a series of cases that most people will remember individually without having perceived the pattern that was shaping.

The least integrated of these lectures is, perhaps inevitably, the one on "The Rights of Women," which are still in a developing stage; but it could be quoted as illustrative of Lord Justice Denning's admirably simple method of presentation:

> A married woman is now entitled to her own property and earnings, just as her husband is entitled to his. Her stocks and shares remain hers. Her wedding presents are hers. She can deal with all her property as fully as any man. She can no longer be restrained from touching the capital. She can make contracts on her own account, and can sue and be sued upon them by herself alone. She is liable for her own wrong-doing and her husband is not.

But there is one recent and revolutionary change that he does not mention, perhaps because it was a piece of formal logic embodied in a statute and he trusts neither logic nor statutes. Section 42(a) (b) of the National Assistance Act, 1948, says that "a woman shall be liable to maintain her husband and her children." If that long-delayed admission of the Rights of Men would have looked uncomfortable in a chapter on the Rights of Women, he should have found room for it in the one about the Welfare State.

The most controversial lecture deals with "The Influence of Religion," though in fact it concerns the law-making influence of Christianity, and Christianity alone. It reads as though *The Republic* had never been written and the pre-Christian moralists had never spoken. But it can base itself impregnably upon Lord Atkin's dictum that "the rule that you are to love your neighbour becomes, in law, the rule that you must not injure your neighbour"; and it is entitled to respect as the credo of one of our greatest lawyers.

Lord Justice Denning is one of a small—but I believe a growing—number of English Judges who successfully refute the charge that their profession applies the law without pondering its full social implications.

C. H. ROLPH

## THE GREAT PROVINCIAL

**Sir Christopher Wren.** By JOHN SUMMERSON. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

**Wren, the Incomparable.** By MARTIN S. BRIGGS. *Allen & Unwin.* 35s.

Sir Christopher Wren is the best-known of that small band of architects whose names are known to the average educated Englishman. The two runners-up are probably Inigo Jones and Robert Adam, but most people would be hard put to it to name a building by either of them. Yet every one knows that Wren designed St. Paul's. One may prefer the work of Burlington, Soane, Nash or Kent; one may reject classicism altogether and prefer Yevele or Gilbert Scott; but one must face the fact that Wren is our national architect.

But St. Paul's was not the whole of Wren's life and achievement. Any biography of him must attempt to give the general reader a picture of the eclectic genuis who was esteemed as a peer by Newton and Huyghens, and made pioneer experiments in anatomy. Mr. Summerson's contributions to Wren scholarship are well-known and he has done an extraordinarily good job. It is only a "brief life," not an extended monograph, and yet the enlargements of knowledge accumulated in the Wren Society's volumes have been incorporated into it without strain. The common reader will never guess from these straightforward pages what a convulsion has wracked the study of English seventeenth-century architecture since exiled German scholars invaded the field and, thanks to Mr. Summerson, he will never need to bother about it. But this is not a book about Wren's architecture only—it deals with his whole life, of which the first thirty years, and his education, were devoted to the astronomical sciences. Mr. Summerson permits himself some speculation on the motives for Wren's abandonment of astronomy for anatomy first, and architecture later. His conclusions are convincing and it is on the treatment of these critical junctures in the career of genius that any life of Wren must stand or fall.

Wren was one of the great luminaries of what

we have learned to call "Baroque Science", in a period of rapid expansion of mathematical analysis and practical experiment—an age whose proper emblem is surely a pair of dividers. Wren's were the geometer's, not the architect's, instruments and his first important essay in building, the Sheldonian at Oxford, is a triumph of geometry and structural analysis, not of architecture. From these visually ham-fisted beginnings he developed slowly but, after his visit to Paris, with a sense of knowing what he wanted to do. He gradually abandoned the stylistic props of the previous generation—Palladio and Serlio suited the purist programme of Inigo Jones, but were too restricting for Wren's fulsome temperament. In studying St. Paul's from apse to portico, and from basement to cross, one can follow a stylistic development toward a full Roman swagger which is really the match of any of his continental contemporaries. His style may only have been a provincial branch of the Baroque, but he was the greatest of provincials.

A detailed study of this development is urgently needed, but it is not Mr. Summerson's place to achieve it within his limited terms of reference. It might, however, have properly formed part of Mr. Briggs's book, which is larger and more lavishly illustrated, and much more expensive, and one looks for it in vain. Mr. Briggs seems unaware that this stylistic growth exists. His book is an infuriating one, full of great slabs of undigested quotation, empty of opinions of his own but full of other peoples', and interrupted by the shooting-down of well-known dead ducks (like the attribution of Westminster School Dormitories to Wren instead of to Burlington). His own *canards* include the suggestion that the dome of the Invalides is derived from St. Paul's. Mr. Briggs should know that a *Déscription Générale*, with engravings, of the Invalides, was published in 1683, while the earliest drawings for Wren's dome are usually dated from the late 1680's.

Mr. Summerson's compact, lively and understanding descriptions of buildings show exactly what is wrong with the second study. Mr. Briggs joins in the chorus of abuse which has been heaped upon Wren's "Warrant" design for St. Paul's and dismisses it, more or less, as an inexplicable joke in bad taste, while a succinct half-page of the "brief life" explains, without casuistry, the exact political and architectural motives behind this intermediate compromise between Gothic and Classic, which Wren cannot have admired, but which did enable him to get started on the building he wanted to erect. Mr. Summerson has produced a book which, in being as widely read as it surely will be, cannot help slightly, but definitely, altering our accepted view of the seventeenth century.

REYNER BANHAM

## DETECTION AND THRILLERS

**Shroud Off Her Back.** By STEPHEN RANSOME. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

**Midsummer Malice.** By NIGEL FITZGERALD. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.

**The Scarlet Letters.** By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

**The Lying Jade.** By LESLIE FORD. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.

**The Raymond Chandler Omnibus.** *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

**Meet Mr. Callaghan.** By PETER CHEYNEY. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

**You're Wrong, Delaney.** By BANT SINGER. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.

**Third Party Risk.** By NICOLAS BENTLEY. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

Detection this summer has produced no touch of splendour; but the first four books on the list, which come into that category, can all be recommended. In *Shroud Off Her Back* from the start, when a young lady journalist taking a stroll in the dark receives an unsolicited swipe from a strange weapon wielded by an unknown hand, to the finish, when a pillar of society is obliged to take the rap for a couple of brutal murders, there is much inexplicable behaviour but never a dull moment. Stephen Ransome's staccato style comes in useful with such a tight plot: it effectively masks the important characters from too close a scrutiny.

*Midsummer Malice* is a pleasant surprise from Ireland where detection tends to become as enervating as the climate. Why should an inoffensive young lady be strangled and left naked in a wood with a nylon stocking round her throat? And another young woman meet with a similar fate a few days later? It is, perhaps, inevitable that the characters involved breathe out a certain amount of Irish whiskey and whimsicality, but there is nothing fortuitous about this double-barrelled murder. The villain is obliged to work to such a close schedule that readers need the help of an appendix to explain his movements satisfactorily. Mr. Fitzgerald is a newcomer to detection, but he has attended the right school. The most misleading element in his plot derives straight from an early Mrs. Christie—I won't say which.

The capitals *XY*, printed on a wall by a dying man in his own blood, finally enable Ellery Queen to solve *The Scarlet Letters* case, after he has been strung along as a sucker through all the rest of the alphabet. Extreme caution is advised in following this A to Z trail, or the reader will be hopeleslsy bemused by the time he reaches the crucial writing on the wall; and at that point he had better ask himself what is the special virtue of italics. Ellery Queen has developed a smug and prolix style of recent years: and perhaps one of the charms of *The Scarlet Letters* is the fact that for once long-winded Ellery makes a thorough-going fool of himself. At any rate this book is vastly superior to his usual stock-in-trade; and the sweet simplicity of the clue would have been appreciated by Sherlock Holmes.

There is a negligible murder in *The Lying Jade*: the detective element in the plot is solely concerned with the exposure of an impostor by the joint efforts of Grace Latham and Colonel Primrose. Admirers of the late Josephine Tey will relish the theme. The vitality of Leslie Ford's characters is always impressive; and for the benefit of this book she has invented a mischievous minx of a girl, who can be trusted to hash up any situation as fast as Colonel Primrose can disentangle it. We shall be bitterly disappointed if Ginny Dolan does not become a permanent member of Leslie Ford's detective outfit.

In spite of Mr. Chandler's own conviction that he must be writing detective stories since his hero is a private detective, the *Raymond Chandler Omnibus* belongs to the thriller division, where it takes easy precedence over all-comers. The volume contains *The Big Sleep*, *The High Window*, *Farewell My Lovely* and *The Lady in the Lake*, being the four first cantos of the epic of Philip Marlowe in his private war against wickedness along the coast of California. Now is the moment for any one so unlucky as to have skipped these titles in the past to take a deep draught of Chandler and watch the medicine at work. It is meant, we are told, to act as a purge as well as a stimulant, to liberate us from our fear of evil-doers and brace us to defy them. And what a welter of evil Philip Marlowe overcomes on our behalf! Racketeers and gangsters, venal police, crooked politicians, tough blondes and blousy gin-soaks; the seamy side of Los Angeles, from the insolence of the rich to the degradation of the poor, is exhibited in all its beastliness. We seem to have read such stuff by many authors before; but in this case there is a difference. Mr. Chandler genuinely believes in the moral of his stories; he is out to shock us, not to tickle our sadism; and he writes with all the force of a man with a message and a mission to deliver it.

Compared to Mr. Chandler's urgent style and tense realism, the late Peter Cheyney's calculated melodramatics seem intolerably anaemic. *Meet*


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*Mr. Callaghan*, if you must, in the new Cheyney omnibus containing *The Urgent Hangman*, *Dangerous Curves* and *Uneasy Terms*. Probably a million readers have already lulled themselves to sleep over these pages; and as soporifics I know of none better.

Mr. Bant Singer is heralded as the Australian Peter Cheyney, a somewhat ambiguous recommendation. For all that *You're Wrong, Delaney* deserves a cursory inspection. The pace is brisk; there is plenty of action; Australian slang is a change from American; and Delaney himself possesses a vestigial character. Sentimentality, however, will bring the author to a bad end if he is not careful.

Mr. Bentley's thriller is a gentlemanly affair, aimed at a more class-conscious public. The distinguishing feature of cultured thrillers is the hero's lack of physical prowess; he is not proficient at fisticuffs and is a poor hand with a pistol: he may also, as in this case, be expected to understand French. In *Third Party Risk* this diffident fellow travels from the Marseilles vicinity to London and back again, in dire trouble all the way, trying to find out why he has been landed with an odd package by a mysterious stranger. Mr. Bentley tells his picaresque story in admirably literate English, but his colloquial French is at times beyond repair. Would any NEW STATESMAN AND NATION competitor like to try his hand at "*ensevelir d'un oubliez le complétement*"?

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**Philo: Supplementary Vols. I and II.** Translated by RALPH MARCUS. **Prudentius: Vol. II.** Translated by H. J. THOMSON. *Heinemann.* 15*s. each.*

Dr. Marcus, Professor of Hellenistic Culture in Chicago University, has learnedly edited these two additions to the works of Philo in the Loeb Library. They are supplementary, not because less important, but because there is no Greek text; the translation is made from an Armenian version, collated with Greek and Latin fragments. Dr. Marcus is particularly ingenious in recovering the probable Greek phraseology. The works presented are Philo's commentary, verse by verse, on Genesis and Exodus, which the Alexandrian philosopher read through Greek spectacles, without ceasing to be a faithful Jew. He saw in the Old Testament stories an allegorical undermeaning, which explained with divine authority, the relation of matter and spirit, and the constitution of the universe and the human soul. So Adam and Eve are symbols of the mind and the senses; Lot is commanded to escape to a mountain because "when the mind begins to take the higher road, it becomes better and progresses, leaving behind earth-bound and low things"; and so on, often reminding the reader of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, whose scriptural interpretation of real and unreal is not unlike this, though without Philo's ingenious arithmetical calculations.

Prudentius belongs to a different world. He was a Spanish Christian of the fourth century, passionately devoted to Christian Rome and the cult of the martyrs. Dr. Thomson, emeritus Professor of Latin in the University College of North Wales, Bangor, here completes his excellent translation of the poems, the first to be made into English. This second volume includes *Contra Symmachum*, Book II, a vigorous assertion that pagan Rome, now discredited, conquered the world only so that God might put all under the rule of Christ; the *Peristephanon*, dramatic and gruesome stories of the martyrs, favourite reading in the Middle Ages, providing painters with many picturesque details; and the *Dittochaeon*, a set of 49 quatrains to be inscribed under wall-paintings of Biblical incidents. It is a vivid exhibition of the thought and behaviour of a notable period in early Christianity.

**The Diary of Alfred Domett 1872-1885.** Edited by E. A. HORSMAN. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip?

inquired Browning, rhetorically. In fact he had gone—which is to say Alfred Domett, the poet's early friend, Waring's original, had gone—to settle in New Zealand, where he became the Prime Minister. Browning was almost the first person he looked up when he came back on his retirement thirty years later. And Browning is the central character amongst many other public figures in the diary of his London life which Domett kept for the next fourteen years.

Why Domett became the friend of so many distinguished men it is easy, from the diary, to see. It was because of the qualities which make him also so pleasant to read. He was hardly what he aspired to be, a poet; he is not a Pepys or a Boswell; but he is intelligent and candid and kind and amusing and, above all, appreciative. He tells how Elizabeth Barrett as a girl would play with her doll and read Homer in Greek at the same time; of Browning appealed to by a "mad doctor" to see one of his lady patients who believed that the poet was literally the Voice of God; of Tennyson masquerading as the gardener to a party of unwelcome visitors. Domett has the ear for anecdotes. But of perhaps even more interest is the clear and detailed impression of the whole literary and social scene of the Seventies that emerges from his pages. The relationships of the poets with the Queen and the politicians; the conflict about the Pre-Raphaelites (the true, the fifteenth-century ones); the widespread enthusiasm for public sculpture; the care with which contemporary poetry was read—very notably by Domett himself: on all these the genial old diarist is valuable and absorbing, and it is good to hear him at last.

**Abraham Lincoln.** By BENJAMIN P. THOMAS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

The life of Lincoln is a quarry from which more than four thousand books have been cut. Even the comparatively short, though sensibly conceived bibliography at the end of this volume lists enough to provide a year's reading for a man with a good deal of leisure. Mr. Thomas justifies his contribution on the legitimate grounds that there is no available or adequate one-volume biography of Lincoln, and that the opening of the Robert Todd Lincoln papers in 1947 has, in any case, made it necessary for earlier biographies to be revised substantially. This is a solid yet readable book, as one would expect from a man who for more than twenty years has been secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association. He has managed, despite the mass of scholarly research which threatens to bury Lincoln under monographs and footnotes, to keep his story moving and to square Lincoln the man with Lincoln the politician and strategist. Having lived with his hero so long, Mr. Thomas naturally tends to see events through Lincoln's eyes, and there are some passages which are less the "objective" biography that Mr. Thomas set out to write than an *apologia* at secondhand. The treatment of the abolitionists, for example, is harsh, obscure and defensive, and an English reader who came to mid-century American history for the first time with this book would get an unfair and misleading idea of the abolitionist "fanatics." Mr. Thomas, moreover, concentrates so much on Lincoln that he takes little account of the larger social conflict between the North and the South, of which the slavery dispute was the spark point, or of the colonising drive of Yankee capitalism. Nevertheless, this is a book which admirably combines pleasurable reading and scholarship; it will be most useful for anyone teaching or taking introductory courses in American history.

**Household and Country Crafts.** By ALLAN JOBSON. *Elek Books.* 21*s.*

If this nostalgic and pleasantly illustrated book reads rather like an annotated museum catalogue, it is not wholly, if at all, the author's fault. The truth is that country crafts now form a negligible factor in the economic life of rural England. The making of besoms and baskets and hurdles still survives; and here and there you may find a chair-bodger or a thatcher at work. But how many wheelwrights or coopers are there to be found? To fill his pages, Mr. Jobson has had to range, on the one hand, into fields such as rope-making and pottery for glass-houses, which are really industrial; and, on the other hand, into a description of old utensils for cooking, baking, brewing, pig-curing and the dairy, which can scarcely be described as belonging strictly to craftsmanship. It is no use looking for a revival of these aspects of Ye Olde England; even the blacksmith is becoming a relic, like the farm horse. But Mr. Jobson has assembled an interesting collection of old tools and gadgets, of which the oddest perhaps is a Sussex bed-warmer in which a charcoal fire appears to have been lighted underneath the mattress; and he writes with knowledge and affection of the bygones of field and farm.

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## Week-end Competitions

### No. 1,229

**Set by J. B. Roderic**

The usual prizes are offered for a holiday anecdote which (little as he grasps it) reflects unfavourably on the teller. Limit, 200 words; entries by September 22.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,226

**Set by Thomas Tusher**

With reference to the correspondence now raging in our columns, the usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a neo-Byronic satire entitled *Provincial Bards and Metropolitan Reviewers.*

**Report by Thomas Tusher**

Port and prejudice versus pauperism and integrity: I had hoped for some wider hard-hitting but most satirists stuck obstinately to their briefs—in this case the *N. S. & N.* correspondence columns. Felicities were rare, but the punsters were well to the fore. I liked Stanley J. Sharpless's.

(In older varsities, the rumour's spreading
That Mr. Wain pronounces it *First*, *Reading*).

Also, the note of Spenglerian determinism in Eric Swainson's

Hugh Massingham's obstruction is in vain:
For Wain must wax, and Lehmann—he must wane!

Lakon began thinly but ended with an admirable octet

Two seats of learning once, by God provisioned,
(The one's called—never mind; the other isn't!)
Brought poets up to meet the nimble nine
On equal terms. Now others rise and shine
We're unfrocked Dons—Dons of a different sort—
Nourished on hyssop, lacking vintage port,
Adjuring common rooms for flatter planes—
Tend literature as other men tend drains . . .

## PERSONAL

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## PERSONAL—continued

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*When Shakespeare is forgot—but not till then;*
If at New Statesmanship's revolving car
For solid ivory castles in the air,[1]
Vintage judgement and superior wit,
Reader, thou aimest, there's a guide to it.

Watch custard-hating Hunt Philistia dwarf—
Rooted in case on Leith (not Lethe) wharf—[2]
His half-baked thoughts on Oxford colleges
Out-metropoling the Metropolis.
Next Lehmann wanders in and scores a point
Concerning girls whose lives are out of joint;
Somebody claims that honour-school instructors
Earn more, not less, than London 'bus conductors;
While Greene provides (from Rome, by happy chance)
A mountain-summit of irrelevance.

[1] See *Punch*, 19.8.53.
[2] His second letter was from Edinburgh; cf. *Hamlet*, I.v.

J. P. STEVENSON

The young provincials, as the fray begins,
Gird up their loins with flash of safety pins;
Hark! in the vanguard now and striking hard
The swan of Swansea and the Berkshire bard
Challenge the capital with stirring cries:
"Durham, *avanti*! Aberystwyth, rise!
Unfair to Redbrick!" But the old baldpates
(Spluttering, "China! Help me to me plates!")
Uphlt in palsied rage their quivering sticks
And cry, "Dons! Cliques! Wine-bibbers! Puppies! Hicks!"
Set spinning by the flood of letter'd ire,
The Turnstile rattles like machine-gun fire;
The Great Unpublished peer into the surge
Hoping the point might even yet emerge,
Until the swirling, thickening London pall
Joins with the moorland mist and swallows all.

ELAINE MORGAN

In the sixth year of thunder on the Third,
A bugle sounded, blown by Mr. Massingham:
Then from the shires the squeaking mice were heard,
As though indeed some piping had been gassing 'em;
As acids turn the purest milk to curd,
So this reviewer merely by alas!-ing 'em
Drew shrieks from all those pretty little creatures:
They cried, "Hands off our homely red-brick features!"

For weeks the land was rent with battle-cries:
"Provincial mice should not be over-serious."
"We mice of letters spurn the cheese that lies
Barrelled in soundings new and quite mysterious."
Then came a truce. The mice went back to byes,
Dreaming of nectar (nothing beef-and-beerious);
Under-rehearsed, outsized and under thirty,
They'd fought in lines oblique but, oh, not dirty!

J. R. TILL

## CHESS: Immortal Sam

No. 206

Our problem-addicts are being deliberately neglected, partly because they are so abundantly (and exclusively) catered for in almost any chess column, and mainly because endgame studies, though less easily to be found, are more directly beneficial for the practical player. Even so, many readers who seem to share my predilection for studies enjoy an occasional 3-mover, and some admit to having been proselytised for that gentle and delightful art-form. They should be pleased to hear about Samuel Loyd, the greatest of all problemists. I do not know how many thousands of problems he composed in the seventy years of his life; by 1862, when he was 21, well over 400 had been published. At that time he was reputed to compose one almost every day. Here is his opus 1, published in 1854 and created a year earlier when he was barely twelve. In point of fact, it was not properly "composed"; it was a position that happened to arise in a game played by Loyd's elder brother Thomas and Colonel Myron Hazeltine. Young Sammy was watching and did what no good *kibitzer* ever ought to do: he talked; indeed, he screamed: "There's a mate here! Why, it's a lovely mate in five!" And promptly he proceeded to annoy his elders by showing it: (1) Q-B8 ch, K-K8, (2) Q-Q6, K-B7, (3) Q-B4 ch, K-K8, (4) Q-Q4, K-B8, (5) Q-Kt1 mate.

"I was born of wealthy but honest parents in Philadelphia," Sam Loyd used to say, almost apologetically. He had a happy and carefree life, devoted to mathematics, to numerous causes, good as well as queer, and to his great hobby, Chess. Unlike many problemists, he was a good and eager player. Here is one of his games won from Arnous de Rivière, one of Morphy's most frequent opponents. It was played at the Café de la Regence in 1865; not a very sound game, but certainly not a dull one.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (7) B-B4 | Kt-B3 |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (8) O-O | P x P |
| (3) | P-Q4 | P x P | (9) Kt-B3 | P-B4 |
| (4) | Kt x P | Kt x Kt | (10) Q-Q1 | B-Kt5 |
| (5) | Q x Kt | P-Q3 | (11) B-Kt5 ch | B-Q2 |
| (6) | P-KB4 | P-KB4 | (12) B-B4 | B-B3 |
| (13) | B-K6 | Q-K2 | (25) K-B1 | B-K5 |
| (14) | P-B5 | B-Q2 | (26) R x R | B x R |
| (15) | Kt-Q5 | Kt x Kt | (27) Q x KtP ch | K-B3 |
| (16) | Q x Kt | B-B3 | (28) B x B | Q x B |
| (17) | Q-Kt3 | K-Q1 | (29) B-Q5 ch | B x B |
| (18) | B-KB4 | K-B2 | (30) P x B ch | K-Kt4 |
| (19) | Q-KKt3 | P-KR3 | (31) P-R4 ch | K-R3 |
| (20) | QR-Q1 | R-Q1 | (32) Q x R | Q-B5 ch |
| (21) | R x P | R x R | (33) K-K2 | Q-B7 ch |
| (22) | R-Q1 | Q-Q1 | (34) K-Q3 | P-K7 |
| (23) | P-QB4 | P-QKt3 | (35) P-QKt4 | |
| (24) | P-KR4 | P-K6 | | |

Here the French master announced that he would now secure a draw in spite of his opponent queening his P. But Loyd did nothing of the kind. He "knighted" the P, and it was all over.

**A**: Samuel Loyd

To make the 4-pointer easy enough for beginners I will add the helpful hint that much the same method of securing a draw was shown in a game position not so long ago. **B** and **C** are vintage 3-movers which the addicts will consider more than generously rated with 6 and 7 points.

**B**: Samuel Loyd

**C**: Sam Loyd, 1876

Usual prizes. Entries by September 21.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 22

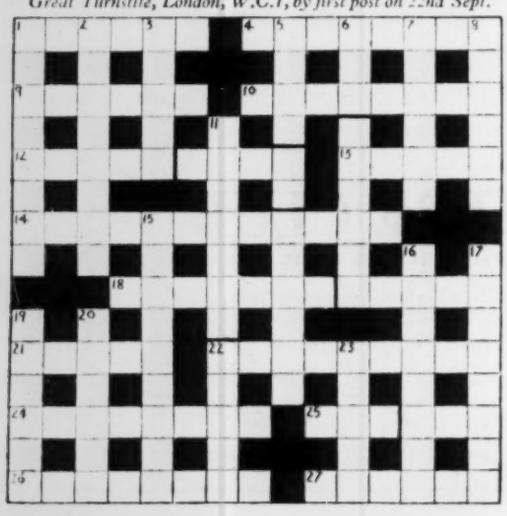
A: Q-K5
B: (1) B-Kt2 ch, B-K4. (2) R-Q6!, R-QKt4. (3) R-Q8 ch, K-Kt2. (4) R-QKt8 !, R-Q4. (5) P-K4, R-Q8 ch. (6) K-K2 etc.
C: (1) P-B7, B-B7 ch. (2) P-Kt6, Kt-B3 ch. (3) K x B, Kt-K1 ch (4) K-R8 !, Kt x P. (5) P-Kt7, B-R2 !. (6) B-B7 ! etc.
(6) K x B ? would be countered by Kt-K8-B6.
(2) K-Kt8 would be countered by B-Kt6.

Quite a few stumped by C, and some by B. Prizes shared by E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, A. J. Roycroft. Equally flawless solutions from G. S. Fisher, M. Kaye, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. Some competitors merely dropped a point or two by failing to plumb the full depth of C. *Londoner's* 14*th move*, Q-R6. *Non-Londoner's* 15*th due by Sept.* 16*th*. Many readers have discovered a quicker (though less pretty) mate in Hale's 9-mover (July 18th).

ASSIAC

## Week-end Crossword No. 65

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 65, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 22nd Sept.*



ACROSS

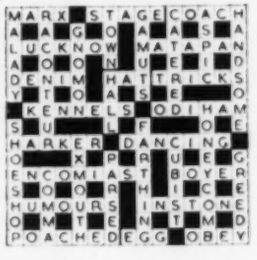
1. Bodies encountered in a mathematical term (6).
4. It is elemental that they can live a double life (8).
9. Language or its speaker (6).
10. Queues of young girls (8).
12. Without the muddled speech at the end this composition would be good (5, 4).
13. Further recommendation for a jockey (5).
14. Advertising a detergent? (12).
18. A restless person is enough to make a strong one ill (7, 5).
21. Perfume from the capital? (5).
22. Tinder for superstitious people? (9).
24. Vessels which are bases for germ warfare? (8).
25. Sailor's tot or toilet preparation? (3, 3).
26. Spring a surprise, like the Villa (8).
27. Pretend to be an exponent of magic (6).

DOWN

1. Agents saw pacts broken (8).
2. An official language (8).
3. What is left of this town rises about the old city (5).
5. A most virginal tart (4, 2, 6).
6. Nightcaps perhaps, but a variation on the short kind (3, 6).
7. They are designed to hide real intentions (6).
8. Make a pronouncement with the king in the advantage (6).
11. Perhaps the latter caters for these pastries (7, 5).
15. Summons to a job in the East (9).
16. Device of letters (8).
17. Puts the players in order for workers at the nursery (8).
19. A first class effort to pass up a girl (6).
20. A detective, quietly I waste away with love inside (6).
23. A common murderer (5).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 63*



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 63

*Mrs. P. Dever (Oxford), Mrs. M. Randle (Worksop), Harry Fenn (London, W.7).*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Commercial Education (man or woman) required to inspect, advise on and organise commercial education in secondary schools and establishments of further education. Teaching experience in commercial subjects preferably including shorthand & typewriting, essential. Salary: £720-£1,130, appointment may be made above minimum. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/N.), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by September 24. (840.)

WORLD Health Organization (Geneva) invites applications from Secretaries and Stenographers of English mother-tongue for tests to be held in London to recruit for stenographic pools. Standards required: 100 w.p.m. shorthand; 50 w.p.m. typing; minimum 2 years' experience; preferably School Certificate. Age limit 20-40. Applications should be sent to the Examination Board, Room 222, W.H.O., Palais des Nations, Geneva, giving name and address, nationality, age, education, experience, speeds and enclosing snapshot (not returnable). Further information will be sent only to those selected for testing. Closing date September 25, 1953.

GENERAL Editor (woman) required urgently by the Church Missionary Society (C. of E.). Applicants should have had a good general education and be convinced Christians in full sympathy with the aims of the Society. The person appointed will be required to write up into form suitable for publication as books, pamphlets and magazine articles, material derived from letters, documents or interviews with missionaries. Wide experience of writing and editing is essential, together with ability to appeal to the imagination and arouse the interest of people in this country in the overseas work of the Church. Salary, according to age and experience, up to £450 per annum. Applications, stating age and experience, together with names of three referees who have personal knowledge of the applicant's work and character, should be sent to the Home Secretary, C.M.S., 6 Salisbury Sq., London, E.C.4, not later than Sept. 26.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull, Department of Adult Education.—Temporary Staff Tutor in Literature with a good Honours degree in English (Literature) required for Session 1953-54. Additional qualifications in Drama or in a second subject, would be an advantage but are not essential. Salary at the rate of £450 to £650 per annum (according to experience and qualifications), with family allowances. Particulars from The Registrar, The University College, Hull, to whom applications should be sent by Saturday, September 26, 1953.

SAFFRON Walden Constituency Labour Party invites applics. for post of full-time Secretary-Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Applic. forms from Mr. F. E. Elliott, C.C., White House, Sible Hedingham, Essex, to whom they must be returned not later than Oct. 17.

INTERESTING position vacant for keen, adaptable young lady. Post involves mainly political research, with special emphasis on Local Government matters. Also assistance with small monthly journal and some press notices. Ability to type an advantage. Age and previous experience secondary to initiative and keenness to learn. Apply with full particulars, stating salary reqd., to Box 1585.

INTERESTING career in Watford offered to ambitious and energetic man age 20 to 25 with School Certificate from Public School or Grammar School. Applicants to have completed National Service, preference given to ex-officer. Driving licence advantageous. Commencing Salary £400-£450. Box 1725.

BRITISH Actors' Equity requires (1) Shorthand-typist. (2) Copy-typist/clerk. Salary and conditions in accordance with C.A.W.U. Agreement. Apply General Secretary, 8 Harley Street, London, W.1.

MANAGING director of Public Relations Consultancy seeks efficient secretary who apart from first-class shorthand-typing qualifications is able to work on own initiative. Salary according to experience. Box 1803.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs. Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392/6412.

COMMERCIAL photographers req. intelligent yng. woman, able to type and to take shorthand, but mainly for general, not uninteresting, duties. £6 10s. p.w. Box 1738.

WARDEN required by International Organisation for Residential Hostel (maximum accommodation 60), West London. Apply, stating exper. & salary reqd. Box 1720.

THE Birmingham Settlement requires a Resident Boys' Club Leader for under 14s and Youth Club with mixed activities. Warden, 318 Summers Lane, Birmingham, 19.

LIBRARY: General assistance required (evenings), 12 hrs. weekly. Interesting work. Apply by letter: City Literary Institute, Stukeley St., W.C.2.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUNG man with export office experience required, S.W.1. district. Interesting work. Knowledge German, Arabic advantage. Reply, stating exp. & salary reqd., Box 1846.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CONSTRUCTIVE work sought Anglo-German sphere by Ex-M.P., lecturer, lifetime public international service, competent German, French, special knowledge Germany; wife expert typist English-German. Business offer not excluded. Box 1808.

BOMBAY. English girl, 11 years' secretarial experience, returning India November, 1953, seeks interesting post. Accustomed to working on own initiative. Available interviews London up to November 7. Box 1591.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

FORMER successful market-gardener, now slightly disabled, sks. congenial occupation connected with horticulture or the Arts. Age 42, good educ., Sh./typing, accounts, correspondence, etc. Mod. sclary. Box 1841.

## WHERE TO STAY

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Mod. comforts; farm produce; good food & wine. Open Easter to mid-Oct. 10-14gns. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

CHAGFORD, Devon. An endless variety of wonderful Dartmoor scenery. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Mod. amenities. Cocktail Bar, Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

SPEND an "Indian Summer" Holiday at Trethevy Hotel, Tintagel, Cornwall, overlooking National Trust Beauty spot. To sea. Comfort and home cooking. Brochure.

CORNWALL: Writers, others skng. quiet for holiday/work, sheltered beaches, mod. tms., esp. long stays. Dora Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Penzance. St. Buryan 391.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country Hse. possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlkg. sea, offers restful holiday & perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 14. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

BETTWS-Y-COED (near). Eagles Hotel, Penmachno. Fully licensed. Comfort, rest and good food. Lovely centre for Snowdonia. Fishing, garage. Terms 5gns. Penmachno 203.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17s. 6d. per week inclusive. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

QUIET guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce, 5-7 gns Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312).

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable, and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. For long or short stay. Fishing, sailing. Lovely grounds. A.A. Tel. 3155.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. A beautiful guest house in the Surrey hills, ideal holiday or week-end. Mod. Excel. catering. Illus. bklt. Bramley 306811.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

THE Continental, (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

VISIT beautiful mild West Ireland in Sept. Fine mnts., golden strands. Reduced terms. Slievemore Hotel, Dugort, Co. Mayo.

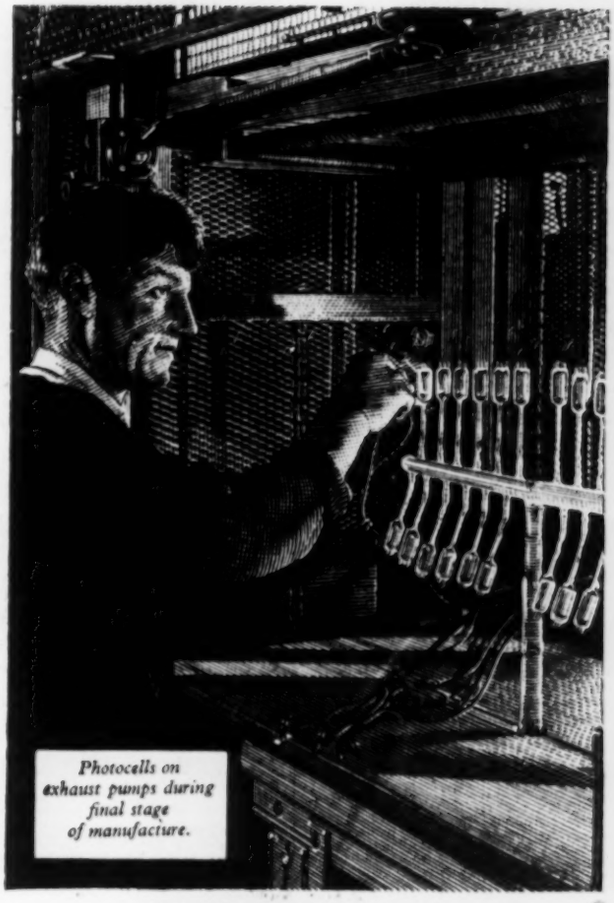
LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Special rates for Sept. & Oct. Illust. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

## SCHOOLS

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

MORNING class, children, 4-6 yrs. Bayswater Rd., W.2. Term September 21. Telephone AMB. 5124.

*Photocells on exhaust pumps during final stage of manufacture.*

# PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

ONE of the earliest electronic devices to strike the popular imagination was the photoelectric cell or "electric eye". The public became familiar with it as a gadget for mysteriously opening doors or sounding burglar alarms.

The modern emissive photocell continues to perform these tasks, but in addition it is employed in a wide variety of control and measuring equipments which are already indispensable to industry.

The cell contains a photosensitive cathode which emits electrons when light radiations fall upon it. This emission, or current, corresponds in strength to variations in the light intensity, even when minute, and when the current is amplified it can be used to operate measuring, indicating or control instruments. With suitable photo-cathode materials and, if necessary, with the aid of filters, these photocells can also be made sensitive to colour.

Among the many applications of photocells are high speed counting, batching and sorting of mass-produced articles; inspecting for variations in size or colour; controlling of temperature, smoke, liquid, position, printing register, or photographic exposure; safety devices in machines and furnaces; and sound-heads in modern cinema projection equipment.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Cobley's farcical Comedy "No!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Penelope" Mems. 5s.

FOREIGN Plays Festival. Sun., Sept. 20. Victor Rietti, Ann Gudrun. The Rising Sun. Enq. International Theatre, GLA. 2692.

IRVING. Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. "Juno and the Paycock," by Sean O'Casey. The famous Irish Play, with an all-Irish cast. Mems. 5s.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. (WHI. 8657.) Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for your Supper," a topical Revue produced by Bryan Blackburn. Lic. till midnt. Mem. 5s.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 13: Guinness in "Oliver Twist" (A). From Sept. 14: Arletty in "L'Amour Madame" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Sept. 13, 7.30. "Miracolo A Milano" (U) (Italian).

LEWISHAM Film Society New season commences September 26. Particulars from Secretary, 57 Bargery Road, S.E.6.

AFRO-WEST Indian Social and Cultural Society, 245 Harrow Road, W.2. Sept. 12. Social 7-11 p.m. Sept. 13, 7 p.m. Lecture: "What the Black Man Wants."

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Reunion Party, Saturday, September 12, 8-12 p.m. Adm. 3s. N.W.8. district, near Tube. Particulars from BYR. 5097.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. An exhibition of fascimiles, with some originals, Turnstile Prints, & specimens of other work, Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Sep. 8-25, 10-5 wk-dys.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté Roses & New Picasso Lithographs, 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terr., W.14. W'colours & Sculpture: Epstein, Gill, Nash, Pitchforth, Searle, Bone. Gross and others. Wkdys., 10-5.30; Thrs., 10-8; Sats., 10-1. Closing Sept. 12.

POLISH Book Exhibition, Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., opp. British Museum, Sept. 2 to 27, Daily 11-7, Suns. 2-5. Free. Art books and prints; Science, Fiction, Children's Books & Journals.

REDFERN Gallery. 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Adrian Heath; new drawings by Donald Friend; Mediterranean watercolours by Thallia Gage; and Original aquatints by Jaques Villon. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes Oct. 3.

OTWAY McCannell. 30 paintings, etc., at Group Exhibition, Suffolk St. Galleries.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Square. Oil Paintings by Margaret Wilson and Jennifer Rope. Until September 30.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield Street, Charing X Road, W.C.2. Paintings by Jacqueline Mills. Sept. 15 to October 5. 11-7 including Saturdays.

"ENTERTAINING at Home" in Party mood. House & Garden keeps open house at its Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Rooms arranged as settings for entertaining, with furnishings and equipment you can buy in the shops. Open from Sept. 1; weekdays 10-5, Sats. 10-12. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Parallel of Life and Art Indications of a new visual order. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Until October 17.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Summer exhibition of modern paintings. Also portrait of Tensing by Michael Werner. (Last Week.)

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Cynthia Fuller. Until Sept. 20.

HANOVER GALLERY, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Gertrude Schweitzer. Sculpture by Fiore de Henriquez. Till Oct. 3.

EXHIBITION and Sale of Costume Dolls by Olga Sievers. Chelsea Town Hall, Monday, September 14-19, 10.30 a.m.-7.30 p.m. Opening day 3 p.m. 2s. 6d.—proceeds of the sale of tickets to Infantile Paralysis Fellowship (Central London Branch).

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II. Entirely new exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Names to Remember. Closing September 19.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Beginning Sept. 15. Recent Oils by Hugh Mackinnon. Sculpture by Ampon.

SIXTEEN "One Man Shows" September 10-October 3, 10-5 except Sundays, R.B.A. Gallery, Suffolk St., S.W.1 (Off Haymarket). Admission 1s.

4TH International Book Design Exhibn. at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Sept. 2—30. 11-5 Mon. to Sat., 11-8 Thurs. Adm. 1s. 3d. Catalogue 2s. 9d.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

TATE Gallery. Paintings by Matthew Smith. A Retrospective Exhibition. Open until October 18. Week-days, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Suns., 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.. Free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"WHAT We Saw In the New Poland." Fri., Sept 18, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall —Four Londoners—a Railwayman, Building Worker, a man and woman engineer, members of a 36-strong elected trade union delegation, will give a lively, personal account of what life behind the so-called "iron curtain" is really like. Gordon Schaffer will speak. Chairman: Mrs M. Pritt. Three new Polish films. Tickets 6d. from British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1. (LAN. 6593) or at door.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues., Sept. 15, 8.15. Illus. Lecture. Forged Masterpieces, by Helmut Ruhemann, Consultant Restorer to the National Gallery. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall (nr. Holborn) on Thursday, September 17 at 7.30: "The Upanishads." All welcome.

UNIVERSALIST Service, 3.15 p.m. Sunday, Sept. 13. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse, Hanworth Walker, "Peace—A Personal Responsibility." P.P.U. Religion Commission.

W.E.A. Classes—W.C.1 District. Weekly meetings beg. Sept. Zoology, Art, Literature, Architecture, Africa, Economics, Psychology, etc Leaflet from D. Clifford, 30 Gloucester Court, N.W.11. S.A.E.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 16, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Trades Union Congress, 1953." Spkr. Margaret Stewart, Industrial Correspondent, News Chronicle. Adm. 2s.

ADDRESS by Mr. S. Sha'ag, President of the Architects' Association of Israel, Senior Lecturer, Architecture, at the Technion, Israel's Institute of Technology. Under the auspices of The London Jewish Society. Monday, September 14 at 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. Non-members admission 2s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sep. 13, S. K. Ratcliffe, "East and West Now." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Thurs., Sept. 17, 8.15. Disc. Trends in Verse since 1930. Chair.: Geoffrey Grigson, and Editors of Magazines, Dr. Dannie Abse, Ivo Jarosy, James Reeves, Peter Russell. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon. Sept. 25-27: "Christianity In A Changing World." J. Coates, Hector Hawton, Frida Ehlers.

SHAW Society holds lively meetings monthly (Shavian & other topics) in beautiful Lamont Room, National Book League, 7 Albemarle St. Sept. 11, 7 p.m.: Prof. A. H. Nethercot (N.W. Univ., Illinois). Programs also arranged for other groups: Shaw, Mark Twain, &c. Enqs: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Sept. 11, 7.15 p.m. Mr. Harley. "Swedenborg."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Sep. 19 at 6 p.m., Senor Aristides Moleon: "Es America Latina Culta?"

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Sept. 13: "The Analysis of Man." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace. Craven Rd.

C. A. BURLAND, F.R.A.I., on "Indian Influences in Indonesian Art" (Illus.), Friday, September 18, at 8.15. All welc. No collection. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

BUDDHIST Society. Special public lecture. 6.30 p.m., Friday, Sept. 18, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. "Zen Buddhism." Dr. D. T. Suzuki.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

COLLEGE of physical education, Fredensborg, Denmark. Courses for British and Commonwealth students, directed in English by Svend Holtze. One year training for intending teachers. Fee incl. residence £225. Summer vac. crses. for men & women. Athletics, games, gymnastics, dancing, swimming. Fee incl. resid. £16 10s. Write Principal.

THE Institute for the Study and treatment of Delinquency. 4 Year Diploma Course in Social Studies (London University Extension Lectures): Social History of Modern Britain; Social Psychology; Social Philosophy; Criminology and the Psychology of Delinquency. 24 weekly lectures of 2 hours, beginning September 24, 6.30 p.m. Fee £1 per year for 1st, 2nd, 3rd years (30s. for 4th year). Apply I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies Street, W.1.

## LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London, Department of Extra-Mural Studies. University Extension Courses. The following are some of the evening courses arranged for the session 1953-54, commencing in September: Geographical Exploration Today, The Development of Theatrical Presentation, Microscopy, The English Legal System, French Harpsichord Music, Peoples and Cultures of East Africa, Archæology, The History of Western Painting. Many other University Extension Courses, some residential, will be held at centres in London and the Home Counties. Further information may be obtained from the Deputy Director (Extension), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research. If you would like to be in close touch with new thought and research on social problems, through regular communications, drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

HAMPSTEAD W.E.A. Classes begin Sept. 21. "London and Its Architecture," "Music from Bach to Britten," "Co-operation and Conflict in Social Groups. Miss Burnett, 27, Belsize Sq., N.W.3. PRI. 1722.

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